

# The Musical World.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped, 20s. per annum—Unstamped, 16s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 32.—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854.

{ PRICE 4d.  
{ STAMPED 5d.

## DEATH OF MADAME SONTAG.

LONG before these lines can be printed, the melancholy fate of Henriette Sontag, Countess of Rossi, and one of the most celebrated vocalists of modern times, will have been known to our readers. Mad. Sontag expired at the city of Mexico, on the 17th of June, and was carried off after six days' illness by an attack of cholera. A most amiable lady, an affectionate friend, a devoted wife, the admired and honoured of all who knew her, among whom were numbered princes and nobles, her untimely loss cannot fail to be universally deplored. In London, the death of Mad. Sontag has created everywhere the deepest regret. It was in London, many years ago, she first made her reputation, and in London, more than twenty years later, that she returned to the stage to renew all the glories of her former triumphs. Indeed, since the death of Mendelssohn, we know of no bereavement which has produced so powerful a sensation in musical and other circles.

It will not be out of place on the present occasion, to say a few words about the career and talents of so great a favourite and so eminent an artist. Mademoiselle Sontag appeared, for the first time in this country, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the night of the 19th of April, 1828, as Rosina in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and at once established herself as one of the most accomplished vocalists of the day. In her execution of Rode's air and variations particularly, she fairly took the audience by storm, few of whom had ever before heard so much ease, grace, and facility united. The pure and delicious quality of Mademoiselle Sontag's voice, however, was that in which lay the chief and abiding charm of the singer; and, if the public were delighted and astonished at the wonderful agility displayed in Rode's variations, and the consummate ease shown in the "Una voce," they were, perhaps, more enchanted with the faultless intonation, exquisite delicacy, truthful expression, and almost artless method exhibited shortly afterwards in Mozart's "Dove sono," or a simple German *lied*. The sensation Henriette Sontag created, in 1828, in London was unprecedented, and she became the idol of the opera-house and the concert room, and was all the rage at the nobility's concerts in private. Towards the end of the season the star of Mademoiselle Sontag became somewhat dimmed in its lustre by being placed in close contiguity with a luminary of even greater radiance and magnitude—that of Malibran—and the admirers of the German *cantatrice*, not without cause, trembled for their idol. Malibran and Sontag, however, only appeared for a few nights together, and their talents were so entirely distinct and diametrically opposed, as to preclude direct comparison. As well at the present day endeavour to compare Madame Bosio with Madame Grisi. Still both singers had their enthusiastic partizans, who upheld their favourite at the expense of her rival; and a war of opposition, no doubt, would have been carried on had the two singers

been brought together another year. Fate, however, willed otherwise. At the end of the season 1828, Mademoiselle Sontag left England, and did not return until 1849. She married Count Rossi in 1829, and retired from public life. Misfortunes of a pecuniary nature having plunged her husband into pressing difficulties a few years since, the Countess Rossi was determined to make use of her talents for the benefit of her family; and accordingly she opened a treaty with Mr. Lumley, which terminated in an engagement; and, after an absence of twenty-one years, Madame Sontag made her *entrées* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday evening, July the 7th, 1849, as Linda, in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*. Mademoiselle Sontag was unfortunate in having to appear directly after Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, whose blind worshippers could recognise no superior merit in any other singer. The talents and accomplishments of Mademoiselle Sontag, however, could not be concealed, nor kept down by any feeling of party or prejudice, and for two seasons the fair artist was in the highest esteem at Her Majesty's Theatre, and helped Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli to sustain the tottering fortunes of that house. She all but renewed the triumphs of 1828, and would, in every probability, have renewed them to the fullest extent, but for the pervading influence of the Swedish Nightingale, who seemed to have absorbed the ears, eyes, and hearts of all the opera habitués.

When the establishment of Her Majesty's Theatre broke up, Madame Sontag accepted an offer to go to America, whither she went in 1852, and continued to give performances up to a short time before her death. Coming immediately after Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, and having Mademoiselle Alboni directly to oppose her, she, nevertheless, made triumphant way wherever she went, and became one of the greatest favourites that ever visited the New World. Of her career throughout the United States, and the southern settlements of America, the *Musical World* of the two last years furnishes abundant information.

HENRIETTE SONTAG was born at Coblenz, in Prussia, of one of those families of comedians of which Göthe has given a description in *Wilhelm Meister*. At the age of six she made her appearance at Darmstadt, in *Das Donauwüchsen*, an opera very popular in Germany, in the character of Salomé. Three years afterwards, having lost her father, Henriette went to Prague with her mother, where she played children's parts, under the direction of Weber, who was then director of the orchestra of the theatre. Her precocious success obtained her permission to enter the Academy of Music of that city, although she had not yet reached the age required by its rules. There for four years she studied vocal music, the pianoforte, and the elements of singing. An indisposition of the *prima donna* gave her the opportunity to appear for the first time in a part of some importance—that of the Princess of Navarre, in Boieldieu's opera, *John of Paris*. She was then fifteen. The flexibility of her voice, her beauty, the agitation which stirred her heart and filled it with mysterious presentiments, secured for her a success which augured well for the future. From Prague, Henriette

Sontag went to Vienna, where she met Madame Mainville-Fodor, whose example and good counsels developed the rich gifts, which she had received from nature.

Singing, alternately, German and Italian opera, she was able to prove her powers in both, and to choose with deliberation between the caprices of Italian music and the sober accents of the new German school. An engagement having been offered her, to sing in German opera at the theatre of Leipzig, she went to that city, the centre of philosophical and literary discussion, and acquired a great reputation in Weber's *Der Freyschütz* and *Euryanthe*. It was vouchsafed to Madlle. Sontag to dedicate a magnificent organ, and a vocalisation almost unknown on that side of the Rhine, to the performance of the vigorous and profound music of Weber, Beethoven, Spohr, and those new German composers who, severing alliance with foreign scepticism, had given freedom to the national genius. Overwhelmed with homage, celebrated by all the brilliant men of the day, the students singing her praises, and followed by the *hourras* of the German press, Madlle. Sontag was called to Berlin, where she appeared with immense success at the Königsstadt Theatre. At Berlin, *Der Freyschütz* was represented for the first time. At Berlin, a Protestant and rationalistic city, the centre of an intellectual and political movement which sought to concentrate within itself the life of Germany, at the expense of Catholic Vienna, where reigned the spirit of tradition and sensuality, the gaiety and the light melodies of Italy—at Berlin the school of dramatic music, founded by Weber, had found its standing point. Madlle. Sontag was received with enthusiasm as an inspired interpetress of the national music.

Availing herself of leave of absence, Madlle. Sontag went finally to Paris, and appeared at the Italian Theatre on the 15th of June, 1826, in the part of Rosina, in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Her success was brilliant, especially in Rode's variations, which she introduced in the singing lesson. This success was confirmed in *La Donna del Lago* and *L'Italiana in Algieri*, many parts of which, written for a *contralto* voice, she was obliged to transpose. Upon her return to Berlin, she was received with redoubled manifestations of interest. She remained in this city until the close of the year 1826; when, abandoning Germany, and the school which it had founded, in the very sanctuary of its nationality, she herself fixed at Paris. Madlle. Sontag first appeared in the character of Desdemona, in *Otello*, on the 2nd of January, 1828. She was one of that constellation of *virtuosi* who at that epoch charmed Paris and London; and among whom Pasta, Pizaroni, Malibran, and herself shone as stars of the first magnitude.

The fortunate object of Madlle. Sontag's choice was a member of the diplomatic body then accredited at the court of the Tuileries. Count de Rossi, although a very young man, was already, at that critical period of political affairs, *Conseiller d'Ambassade* of the Sardinian mission. He had the looks, manners, tastes, and gifts of conversation that distinguish the travelled man and the real *homme de qualité*, and which no adversity can diminish. Fearing the prejudices of his noble relatives, and of his royal master, it was determined to conceal the wedding for the time being. It was consequently solemnized in secret, with only two or three intimate friends as witnesses.

If at Paris Madlle Sontag was admired by the public at large for her talent and her beauty, her gentle and amiable character, and her generosity in private life, gained her the esteem of all circles. One trait amongst many may be cited.

Her parents were, as we have stated, artists, with very limited means. This she never forgot; and her short experience of adversity in her earliest years was sufficient to awaken every sentiment of charity. She was known by all the exiled Germans whom adversity had driven from their native land to seek charity and sympathy in France.

In 1835 the Sardinian Cabinet, to reward Count Rossi for his services, appointed him Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Confederation of the Rhine, at Frankfort. The only event which signalled Madlle. Sontag's residence at Frankfort was an act of charity. The overflowing of the Danube had produced desolation at Pesth and Buda, and appeals had been made to all parts of Germany, and particularly to the rich town of Frankfort, the commercial as well as the political capital of the German

Confederation. Madame de Rossi, amongst other distinguished persons, was applied to. She at once responded to the call, and assembling all the amateur musicians and singers, so numerous in every German capital, she gave an oratorio with their assistance, at which she, of course, herself sung, in the cathedral at Frankfort. The receipts of this concert were beyond all expectation. Prince Metternich addressed an autograph letter to the Countess, thanking her for this act of charity to the subjects of the Austrian Emperor.

Though she had no taste for the publicity of the stage, having gone unscathed through all its temptations, the Countess Rossi had an innate enthusiasm for her art, and cultivated it as assiduously as when she was the young *prima donna*. In Frankfort and Berlin, and St. Petersburg, her house was the resort of all that was renowned in the artistic world. Her charming voice now resounded in the halls of palaces; and instead of a public, she had kings and princes for her guests. Yet she was the same simple-minded and unaffected woman, with a mind pure as in infancy, and a heart beating only with good and tender emotions. She repeatedly sang for public charities, and her name was sure, as in former days, to benefit the institutions in whose behalf she came forward. But this bright destiny, which time seemed to have consolidated, during the revolution of 1848, from circumstances of a private nature, was completely changed.

With her temper unruffled, her calm mind undisturbed, the mother and the wife remembered the early days of the *prima donna*, and how her voice and talents had achieved fortune and honour. The instant her determination was whispered, all the theatres of Europe were open to her. She selected Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, and Mr. Lumley offered her 7,000*l.* for the season. This she accepted; and once more stepped on those boards where twenty years previously she had stood in all the freshness of youth. The house greeted her with shouts, with wrappings of handkerchiefs, with tears—for she had many friends who remembered her hospitality in her high estate.

Tempted by the brilliant success which had attended the professional career of Jenny Lind and other artists, Madame Sontag made up her mind to visit the United States in the autumn of 1852, and arrived in New York on the 19th September. She commenced with a series of concerts at Metropolitan Hall, which proved successful, and stamped at once her popularity. From New York she went to Boston and Philadelphia, where she continued to give concerts, and establish her reputation with the American public. In New Orleans she entered into an engagement with M. Masson, director of the principal theatre in the city of Mexico, to play in opera, for a fixed period of two months, with the privilege on his part of continuing the arrangement for three months longer, at a salary of 7000 dollars a month. Before she started for Mexico, she despatched her agent, Mr. Ullman, to Europe, with instructions to secure all the available talent that could be procured for the formation of a new opera company, to meet her in New York on her return. That gentleman, we understand, was already far advanced in his arrangements, when the sad calamity which has deprived the artistical world of one of its brightest ornaments was made known.

It is stated that Madame Sontag was to appear at the theatre in Mexico on the 11th June, in the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*, but the performance was postponed in consequence of a sudden attack of cholera, which terminated fatally on the 17th. It is unnecessary to say, that her demise caused a general and profound sensation of grief. At her interment, which took place in the church of San Fernando on the 19th, an immense concourse of persons was present, including all the Foreign Ministers, the members of the Philharmonic Society, and most of the artists resident in the city.

Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the uncertainty of human projects, than the melancholy fate of this accomplished artist. Her ambition was to reconstruct some of that fortune, the loss of which had plunged her from the rank to which her talents had raised her into the poverty whence she had sprung. There was no selfishness or unbecoming pride in this. Devoted to her husband and her children, it was for their sakes that she again applied herself to a life of toil and fatigue. Success had almost crowned her

efforts, when death deprived her of the advantages of enjoying the fruits of her labours. From the period she set foot in America, until the close of her Mexican engagements, her profits, clear of all expenses, would have been nearly 100,000 dollars, and she had calculated that another season or two, with her new company, would have doubled this amount. Her agent in Europe had concluded engagements for her return, which in forty nights would have brought her 60,000 dollars more. A short time since she purchased a château and domain in Germany, with a part of the proceeds of her American tour. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes!

### THE LIFE OF MOZART.

(From the original of Alexander Oulibicheff.\*)

(Continued from page 435.)

#### CHAPTER XXI.

1791.

As soon as Mozart returned to Vienna, where, at last, a brilliant triumph, an official appointment, more cheering prospects, and—death awaited him, he put the finishing stroke to the most popular of all his *chefs-d'œuvre*; the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and the Priests' March, at the commencement of the second act, were composed, or, at least, written down, two days before the first representation, which took place on the 30th of September. *Titus* had been performed on the 6th of the same month.

From the 30th of September (the dates are here of the greatest importance), Mozart was therefore at liberty—since no demands were made upon his time by other works—to devote his entire energies to the composition of the *Requiem* which the Unknown had commanded. Spurred on by the fact of having received the stipulated price beforehand, and the desire "to try what he could do in this branch of the art as well," he worked day and night with unflagging zeal, and a degree of interest in the task of composition with which none of his former works had ever inspired him, and which the gradual progress of his complaint was unable to damp. The fainting fits to which he was constantly subject while engaged on the score of *Die Zauberflöte*, again attacked him, although he would not allow them to keep him from his task. His exertions increased in the same proportion as his weakness, the attacks becoming every day more frequent and more severe. His wife, uneasy at these symptoms, and at the unusual despondency of the patient, took every pains to enliven and amuse him. One fine autumn day, she drove out with him to the Prater, and Mozart then plainly told her the secret connected with the *Requiem*.

"I am writing it for myself," he said, weeping. "It will soon be all over with me: some one certainly has given me poison."

This remark fell like a heavy load upon the heart of his poor wife. She endeavoured to persuade him that such thoughts were merely the effect of his imagination. A medical man was called in, and ordered the patient to lay the fatal score aside. Mozart obeyed the injunction, but only became more melancholy, for he felt too well that this sacrifice would not save him. He was now obliged to keep his room, without being allowed even to work. While he was thus under the necessity of sitting in melancholy inactivity, the representations of *Die Zauberflöte*, some few of which he had himself directed, continued to excite a feeling of enthusiastic delight throughout the great city of Vienna. Every one wished to see the opera. Gold poured like rain

into the treasury of the theatre, and people quarrelled with each other for tickets. The theatre resounded continually with exclamations of pleasure and applause, which were heard outside the building! Every echo in Germany appeared to be awakened by the genius of *Die Zauberflöte*. And how was the composer occupied, while his work was rendering so many rich and happy, and increasing the number of pleasant moments in everyone's life? He was looked for in the orchestra—but another held the conductor's *bâton*. He was sought in the theatre—but he was not there, though, it is true, his spirit still wandered in the battle-field which he had rendered celebrated by so many immortal triumphs. All this time, Mozart, alone, and with his eyes fixed upon the clock, followed the representation in his mind. "Now," he would say to himself, "*the first act is finished.—Now the oath, 'Dir, Grosse Königin der Nacht,' is being sung,*"—and then it would suddenly strike him, that, as far as he was concerned, all was over, and his eyes would turn with horror from the hands of the clock, which would suddenly appear to move round much more quickly than usual.

The few days that he was compelled to remain quiet, however, procured him some slight alleviation. On the 15th November, he felt so well as to be able to compose a short *cantata*: *Das Lob der Freundschaft* (*The Praise of Friendship*) for a freemasons' lodge. The excellent manner in which it was performed, and the favour with which it was received, seemed to animate him still more. He now requested most pressing that the score of the *Requiem* should be returned to him. His wife, thinking he was out of danger, did not hesitate to comply with his demand, but scarcely had he again put his hand to this work of Death, when both his moral and physical sufferings recommenced with redoubled force, and all hope vanished. This time, the struggle was not destined to last long, and, five days after the Masonic festival, Mozart betook himself to his couch, whence he was never more to rise, but where he was continually employing himself with the sublime ceremonial which he resolved on for his obsequies.

While Mozart, with his limbs all swollen, and unable to move on account of a kind of paralytic lameness which affected his whole body, lay upon his death-bed, he received his appointment as *Capellmeister* to St. Stephen's Cathedral. This post was in the gift of the body of magistrates of Vienna, and, from a very early period, a large salary, besides several other considerable sources of income, was attached to it. Soon after this, the managers of the first theatres in Germany, whose eyes had been opened by the splendid receipts attending the representations of *Die Zauberflöte*, disputed with each other for the possession of the composer, whatever terms he chose to fix. At the same time, he received letters from Presburgh and Amsterdam, proposing that he should engage, for a handsome sum, to furnish certain compositions of various kinds periodically, in other words, musical miscellanies.

When Mozart was informed of all these unexpected pieces of good luck, which followed so closely upon each other, he exclaimed:—

"Just now, when I could live quietly, must I depart! Now must I leave my art, when, no longer a slave to fashion—no longer fettered by mere speculators—I could obey the impulses of my own fancy, and, free and independent, write what my heart dictated; I am snatched from my family—from my poor children—at the very moment I should have had it in my power to adopt better measures for their welfare! Did I not predict that I was writing this *Requiem* for myself?"

During the fourteen days that he suffered fearfully from

\* This translation, which has been made expressly for the *Musical World*, is copyright.



the disease to which he succumbed, and which the physicians declared to be—or, at least, thought to be—inflammation of the brain, the wonderful good nature and gentleness of his disposition did not desert him for a single instant. He was perfectly resigned, although a gnawing pain was feeding on his vitals. He knew the day of his death some time beforehand. On the evening of the 5th December, as his sister-in-law, Sophie Weber, came to inquire how he was, Mozart replied:—

"I am glad you have come; you must remain with me to-night; you must see me die."

His sister-in-law endeavoured to reason him out of this idea, but he continued as follows:—

"No, no, it is in vain. I have already got the taste of death on my tongue; I scent death, and who will console my Constanze, if you do not remain?"

Sophie hastened to inform her mother of the state of affairs, and then hastened back. At the bedside of the dying man, she met Süßmayer.\* The score of the *Requiem* was lying open on the counterpane. After turning over the leaves for some time, and looking at his work with humid eyes, Mozart gave his pupil certain instructions, which are now for ever consigned to secrecy in two graves, and which, some thirty years later, were destined to occasion so many disputes, and so much ill-feeling. After this, Mozart turned to his wife, and recommended her to keep his death secret until she could inform Albrechtsberger of it, saying:—

"For to him, by all laws, human and divine, does my place belong."<sup>†</sup>

In the meantime, his physician had arrived, and ordered cold lotions to be applied to the patient's burning head; but this so shook Mozart that he instantly lost all power of speech and motion. He still retained his faculties, however, as was proved by one of his latest actions. The dying man was seen to blow out his pale lips and cheeks, as if to remind Süßmayer of a certain effect he was to produce in the *Requiem*. The lofty soul of the great master then flew upwards to the source of all light and harmony.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

1791.

ACCORDING to the account of Sophie Weber, on the day following this night of tears, the people came in crowds under the windows of the deceased's residence, sobbing and weeping aloud. They deplored his loss just like his own family. This was not the ordinary tribute of grief paid by amateurs of music to the memory of a great musician, but the truest and most beautiful funeral oration; the expression of that unequivocal sorrow, which manifests itself, with irresistible force, at the death of a benefactor of the human species. There are too many men whose existence is embellished, or ennobled by music, or whom music consoles, for this not to be the case. "*La sua vita era, così dire, una fortuna pubblica; una pubblica calamità la sua morte,*" said an Italian author, whose name I do not recollect, and never was there a truer word spoken.

Prague distinguished itself by the manifestation of the greatest sympathy which could possibly be paid to the memory of a private individual. As soon as the melancholy

intelligence was known, all the musicians of the theatre and the whole city met, of their own free will, to celebrate a solemn funeral service for the deceased. A requiem of Rösler was selected for the ceremony, which took place in the parish church of St. Nicholas. The day before, the inhabitants of Prague were duly informed, by printed notices, of what was going to take place. On the day appointed for the ceremony, all the bells of the parish church were tolled for half an hour. Almost the whole population of the city was present, so that neither the so-called *Welscher Platz* could contain the carriages, nor the church, although capable of affording room to nearly four thousand persons, all admirers of the deceased. In the middle of the church was placed a magnificently illuminated catafalque, around which stood twelve pupils of the Gymnasium, with crape scarves over their shoulders, and torches in their hands. The orchestra, directed by Strohbach, was composed of one hundred and twenty of the first musicians. These artists, some of whom had played the overture to *Don Juan* at its first production, and at eight, performed the *Requiem* with a unanimity of expression, of feeling, that was shared by the entire city. Tears of friendship and gratitude flowed down the cheeks of all present as they prayed for the eternal peace of one who had procured them such great and elevated enjoyment. Thus was the memory of Mozart honoured in his well beloved city of Prague. What would the public have experienced if, instead of one of Rösler's compositions, they had heard the Swan's Song, which the deceased had breathed forth with his latest breath? His "*Lacrymosa Dies illa*" alone should have been performed on this day of real tears. The great master well knew that he only was capable of producing in music the expression of hopeless woe, like that which the universe itself had suffered.

While, in Prague, honours, such as are paid only to people of the highest rank, were shown to an empty coffin; in Vienna, the family of the deceased actually did not know how they should pay for the expenses of his burial. A separate place in the church-yard was too much for the means of the survivors, and Mozart's corpse was laid in a common grave.

Some strangers who happened to visit Vienna, in the year 1808, wished to be shown the spot where his bones reposed. It was impossible to point it out to them. Other bodies had taken possession of the graves of this description, which, from time to time, had been emptied! But, after all, what does it signify where a little dust rests? Who would ever think of erecting a monument on the spot? For my own part, I should prefer a flower, that, quickened by the ashes of the deceased, and blooming afresh every spring, would represent a type of the musical generations of mankind, who will derive their sustenance from the life of Mozart's intellect, without fear of ever exhausting it.

Of the two sons Mozart left behind him, the younger, Wolfgang Amadeus, born in the year 1790 or 1791, selected the career pointed out, to a certain extent, by his family and christian name. He became a musician. Several journals have mentioned him as a talented pianist and composer. One day, as his father was playing, he heard his son scream out in the same key. "He will be a Mozart," said our hero, laughingly. It is, however, very doubtful whether this playful prophecy would ever have been fulfilled, even if the child had enjoyed the incalculable benefit of his father's instruction. Nature reposes a long time, before she produces a second Mozart. Besides, she makes no unnecessary exceptions to her most constant rules, and, in the present state of music, it is very doubtful whether a second Mozart—that is to say, a second universal musical reformation—will

\* Mozart's pupil, who completed the *Requiem*.

† Albrechtsberger, one of the most learned theorists and professors of composition of his day, and Beethoven's master, actually did obtain the post to which Mozart had been appointed.

ever be required. If the art of music were to be lost, the first Mozart would suffice to find it for us again, in all its entirety and all its beauty.

(To be continued.)

### JULLIEN'S FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

New York, June 27.

LAST night, Jullien took his farewell of America, and a "concert monstre" was given for his benefit at the Crystal Palace. After ten months of continuous labour, he resigns his *bâton*, and returns to Europe. During this period, he has familiarized the American public with the greatest works of the best masters; he has shewn what can be done with a good orchestra when properly directed; he has brought to light native musical talent of the highest order; and has convinced the astonished public that they possessed, in their Bristow and their Fry, composers of whom the American nation might reasonably be proud. And they have not been ungrateful; as soon as his benefit was announced, the New York Harmonic Society held a meeting and resolved unanimously—"That the services of this Society be tendered to M. Jullien to assist at his benefit concert on Monday evening, June 26, at the Crystal Palace." The Sacred Society of Newark, the Harmonic Society of Williamsburg, and the Sacred Music Society of Brooklyn also assisted, the whole forming a chorus of six hundred voices, who sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," "The Heavens are telling," and the prayer from *Mosé in Egitto* with very fine effect.

And while the members of the musical societies thus did honour to one of themselves, the general public lagged not behind. A tremendous rush to the Crystal Palace commenced at six and continued incessantly until nine, by which time the amazing number of forty-two thousand persons had paid for admission. Every place in the building where standing room could be obtained was packed with human beings, and the entertainment was well received throughout.

The programme consisted of the usual variety, but included two new features:—first, the *andante* from a symphony by M. Jullien, entitled *The Last Judgment*, and, secondly, the war marches and national airs of the present belligerent nations of Europe, including "Partant pour la Syrie," and the "Mar-seillaise," "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen," the Muscovite Hymn from *Pietro il Grande*, and the "Song of the Cossacks," and lastly "The Turkish War March." The movement from the symphony, which is very imposing, was received with great applause, and the audience prepared for the national music.

It was to be feared that something of jealousy might still have lingered in the American mind, that the recollection of "Rule Britannia" might have awakened old feelings of strife and discord, and that the sympathies with the Russians, openly expressed by Mitchell and other renegade Irishmen, might have found some echo in this immense assemblage of Americans. But such fears were at once dispelled by the reception given to "Rule Britannia," and when the first notes of "God save the Queen" were heard from the orchestra, the whole of this mighty mass rose as one man, the greater part standing uncovered during the performance, and encoring the air with republican lungs quite as ardently as the most loyal assembly of Britons. Many of the audience joined in the chorus, and nothing could exceed their enthusiasm. Here was living proof that the Irish "patriots"

are estimated at their real worth; that the Anglo-Saxon heart in America is a reflex of that of their brethren across the Atlantic, and that the public feeling which directs the destinies of America is in accord with the allies and the justice of their cause. The Russian hymns, notwithstanding their musical merit, were received in solemn silence, while the Turkish War March was vociferously applauded.

Before the conclusion of the first part of the Programme, an agreeable episode occurred. Mr. Fry, the composer, accompanied by Mr. Bristow and other American musicians of note, stepped on the dais, and, after an effective speech, presented M. Jullien, in honour of the Musical Congress held under his direction at the Crystal Palace on the 15th inst., with a magnificent gold wreath. The chaplet is of considerable value, and is in shape of a laurel crown. It was subscribed for by the members of nearly all the orchestral societies in America and by other admirers of M. Jullien, including many of the bankers and principal citizens of New York. The presentation was attended by enormous cheering from an audience which Mr. Fry said was as large in numbers as the free citizens of ancient Athens, the State of antiquity which had given us the great models of art. The wreath is of the orthodox bays-fashion, and extremely well executed. A golden tablet accompanies the memorial, on which is inscribed:

Laureate  
to  
**JULLIEN,**  
FROM 1500 PERFORMERS  
AT THE  
FIRST MUSICAL CONGRESS IN AMERICA,  
AND UPWARDS OF 30,000 OF  
HIS WARMEST FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS  
PRESENT AT THE  
CRYSTAL PALACE, NEW YORK.  
June 15, 1854.

M. Jullien addressed the audience in a short speech and thanked them for an event so flattering and gratifying. He stated that it had always been his aim to popularize music, first in France, then in England, and lastly in America. He availed himself of the opportunity to pass an eulogium on the works of Messrs. Fry and Bristow, gentlemen of whose genius, fancy, and science he had no doubt, and retired amidst cheers again and again repeated.

Thus ended a scene, honourable alike to the recipient and the donors of the testimonial. The one received it for his endeavours to popularize the fairest of the fine arts; the others gave because they appreciated and had benefited by those efforts. M. Jullien leaves to-morrow, the 28th, for England.

M<sup>lle</sup>. WILHELMINA CLAUS leaves London this morning, *vid* Dieppe, for Paris.

THE LATE SIGNOR ANFOSSI.—The whole collection of valuable double basses have just been purchased of the executors by Mr. Mount, of the Royal Italian Opera. These fine instruments, five in number, are by Amati, Panormo, Lott, Forster and Gagliani; the latter instrument was formerly in the possession of Sig. Dragonetti, by whom it was bequeathed to Sig. Anfossi.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL.—Arthur Napoleon, the young Portuguese pianist, having been to pay his respects to His Majesty the King of Portugal, shortly before the departure of his Majesty from this country, was very graciously received; and, as a mark of the interest felt in his young compatriot, his Majesty has presented Master Napoleon (through the Portuguese Ambassador, Count de Lavradio) with a handsome opal pin set with diamonds.

## A LETTER FROM ITALY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

MILAN, 8th July, 1854.

SIR,—How true were the last words of the celebrated Madame Roland, when, at the place of execution, and pointing to a colossal statue of Liberty, which stood close to the scaffold, she exclaimed, "Oh, Liberty; what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!" It is not only upon important national or political questions, but also in the affairs of ordinary life, that we most frequently find the loudest advocates and brawlers for "liberty" the greatest tyrants whenever and wherever power is placed within their reach. It would, however, be quite out of character to attempt to make your journal the vehicle for any discussion of this question, notwithstanding the interest it possesses with reference to the present degraded position of "modern Italy," and the serious doubts which cannot fail to arise in every observant and unprejudiced mind as to the fitness of the people successfully to maintain a free government if placed by circumstances within their reach.

But I am led to allude to the subject from the "intolerant" spirit which pervades both the people and the press of Italy against all foreign musical artists, but more especially the "Inglese," who come to this "land of song;" no matter whether they be parties of established fame, or the modest and timid *débutant* venturing before the public, after the devotion of so much time, and expending, it may be, nearly their last shilling in the ardent pursuit of instruction and advancement in a difficult and precarious profession.

Never was this "cloven-foot" more clearly displayed than with reference to Clara Novello, at the Scala, during the last Carnival, when, after she had created repeated bursts of applause, which these "illiberals" would willingly have withheld, but which was fairly extorted from them by her splendid execution of the music in *Rigoletto* (certainly immeasurably superior to any one I have heard in the part of Gilda), the leading journal of Milan, true to the *animus*, exclaimed, on her leaving for England to this effect:—

"Adieu, fair Clara; return to the white cliffs of Albion. Your talent may do very well for them in England, but does not suit the refined science of Italy. Poor Clara!"

And this "refined" *twaddle* was actually copied into all the other papers as something very talented, superlatively clever, and piquant! Why, the majority of their singers at their *leviathan* "La Scala," for the last three years, have been below—*far below*—mediocrity; and, of their six *new operas* during that period, all of them have been *fiascos*, "consigned to the tomb of the Capulets," some of them unequivocally damned; decidedly the best of them—the *Luigi Quinto*, by Mazzucato—most ungenerously receiving the "cold shoulder" of his own countrymen, from the exertions of "a clique" with whom the composer, it is rumoured, in spite of his undoubted talent, is unpopular.

It is always our "*egregio maestro*" this; our "*bravo valente primo tenore*" that; or, our "*distintissima squisitamente, bellissima prima donna soprano assoluto*" so and so, until I am quite sick of taking up a newspaper, from the disgusting affectation, national vanity, and unfair prejudices which its columns are sure to contain.

Both your correspondents at this place (for I see you occasionally have two), I presume, are Italians—at least it is a fair inference, or they would most surely (if Englishmen, like myself), have called your attention to this *glaring nuisance*, and have saved the occupation of your valuable time in perusing my present humble communication.

An intelligent, gentlemanly, and well-educated Italian (and I have met with some few here, who, in intellect and principle, would do honour to any country, even to "the noble Roman of the high and palmy days") will fully admit the *arrogant exclusiveness* of his countrymen, more especially if he has been in England, and witnessed the different reception which all foreign artists experience there; but, with the *mass* here, this fancied "supremacy" is innate—so much so, that, cosmopolite as I am,

I really should not regret to see a little "turning of the tables" on the part of my fashion-led friends in London for a short time, just to "hold the mirror up," and show the Italian artists their own conduct reflected. "*Veluti in speculum.*"

But I will leave off grumbling, Mr. Editor, and endeavour to amuse you with a little *chapter and verse* of the "wise saws and modern instances" of these talent-crushing worthies. With them it is an admitted certainty that no *English*, *French*, or *German*, can sing equally to an Italian; nay, one of these enlightened geniuses had the unparalleled effrontery boldly to state in his paper, the other day, that it was quite out of the question for a *German*, or any other than an Italian *violin*, to do justice to Italian music! I could not resist exclaiming, with the "sententious" Jacques:—

"A fool—a fool;—I met a fool i' the forest,—  
A motley fool!—And in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed  
With observations, the which he vents  
In mangled forms!"

Another intellectual gentleman of the Press I find is in London as correspondent to a certain Italian journal here, and thence he thunders forth his dogmas, which are reverberated on this side of the Alps, to the delight and amusement of his silly countrymen, and the depression of all the rising hopes of such foreign artists, whose fears and anxieties make them weak enough to place any confidence in his trashy absurdities, and his bombastic self-conceited ignorance. Here is a fair, but not extreme, specimen of his criticism. Speaking of Cruvelli, he says:—

"The Cruvelli will always be an acquisition to a French Opera, but can never rise to the true height of an Italian Theatre. But that does not prevent the London journals from lauding her to the skies in the most ridiculous manner, while the true talent of our "*Bosio*" remains quite in the shade. After having heard the latter in *Rigoletto* it is not possible to listen to Cruvelli afterwards, even in her favourite part in *Fidelio*, without experiencing a species of painful disgust."

Bravo, Mr. Italian!—Our talent—our discrimination is gigantic—*immenso*!

"O, upright judge! A second Daniel!"

Poor Clara Novello! Poor Cruvelli! I must tell you a delicious little bit of this "oracle's" general information and research. He says, "the Opera" (Covent Garden), was not well attended on the evening in question in consequence of the attraction of the—(What?)—the illuminations in the city, it being the Queen's Birthday!

Here's a discovery! worthy only of exclusive Italian intellect. Hear this, ye great ones east of Temple Bar. Hear this, ye worthy citizens who have the honour of serving our glorious Queen. Hear this, and know your great sacrifices are duly appreciated; and your many-coloured sparkling lamps (although too much "like angels' visits, few and far between") outshine all other attractions! Weep, our Bosio—our "*Egregios*"—our "*Straordinarios*"—and our "*Squisitamentes*." Weep—the Italian Opera is deserted,—deserted for a City Illumination!!!

"A worthy fool—motley's the only wear."

A few more last words and I have done. In spite of all these narrow-minded, self-conceited Italians, let my countrymen and countrywomen keep their onward course, and English genius and English perseverance will, beyond all doubt, eventually achieve the same perfection in music as in every other branch of art and science to which they have been directed.

You must not suppose, by the foregoing, Mr. Editor, that I am some disappointed, jaundiced, used-up vocalist, or some unfortunate singer, who, as my old friend Matthews used to say, had "lost his G—." No; I never had the honour of belonging to the musical profession, nor have I any connexion with it. I am only—but no matter what I am—I am simply an English gentleman, and consequently

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY.

P.S. You are at liberty to insert this letter if you think



proper. I have sent you my name (IN CONFIDENCE) as a guarantee for my statements. It would not do to let it be known here. If you notice this, I may intrude upon you again.

### THE 100TH PSALM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—In your *World* of last week I find a letter from a member of the Sacred Harmonic Society, respecting the 100th Psalm. In my ignorance of the musical doings in London, I never dreamt but the correct version was used by the conductor of the said society, and organist of St. Paul's. Allow me to state that, at a recent public rehearsal of our new society, the original version was sung with fine effect by a chorus of nearly 200 voices, from a work called "The National Psalmist," published by Mr. Hackett some ten years ago, and who is the conductor of our society here. Old tunes which have suffered from new arrangements will be found in the work alluded to.

I remain, yours, &c.,

J. PRATCHILL,

A Member of the Society.

Church-road, Stanley, near Liverpool.

### NATIONAL GALLERY.—THE VANDALS

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Mr. Danby Seymour has rendered good service to the public by directing the attention of the House of Commons to the monstrous abuses which still prevail in the management of the National Gallery. Hitherto the appointment of select committees on the subject has been apparently for the sole purpose of quieting public clamour, and of white-washing the "pumice" stonors of the national pictures, in despite of evidence. This state of affairs ought no longer to be tolerated; and, unless the House of Commons be prepared to abdicate, and to cease to perform its legal functions, the National Gallery must be rescued out of the hands of the academic Vandals.

Another job is now in preparation. The collection of pictures of the German Prince Louis D'Ottingen Wallerstein, in Kensington Palace, is about to be foisted on the nation as a bargain. Dr. Waagen, whose power of purchasing and baptising bad pictures, and of bestowing upon them great names, is undeniable (*e. g.*, the Berlin Gallery), is now employed in preparing the catalogue. John Bull should "mind his pockets," unless he desires the honour of being plundered.

Yours obediently,

A WITNESS BEFORE THE SELECT COMMITTEES OF 1850

July 4.

AND 1854.

### FOREIGN.

VIENNA.—(From our own Correspondent.)—*Maria di Rohan* was performed at the Imperial Opera-house, for the benefit of Fräulein Demeric, the principal parts being sustained by that lady, Mad. Medori, Herren Mirate and Ferri. The Italian season was brought to a close by a *pot-pourri*, consisting of the third and fourth acts of *Il Trovatore*, the second act of *Il Giuramento*, the cavatina from *Il Barbiere*, and, finally, the second act of *Norma*. Mesdames Medori, Bendazzi, Borghi, Fräulein Demeric, Herren Bettini, Debassini, Ferri, and Laura appeared in the course of the evening. The house was very full.

Herr von Flotow is engaged on the composition of a new opera for the Imperial Opera-house. The principal part is intended for Fräulein Wildauer.

NAPLES.—A new opera entitled *Anella di porta Capuana*, the libretto by Sig. Bardare, and the music by Sig. Fioravanti, was produced at the Teatro Nuova, and unmercifully hissed. The curtain went down on the first act, and when it rose again, to commence the second, such a storm of sibillation was raised that the opera was withdrawn, and the actors retired. Several pieces were cut out, and it was tried a second and third time, but with no better success.

PADUA.—At the Teatro-Nuova, Sig. Pacini's new opera, *Medea*, continues its success. The music is pleasing, and improves on closer acquaintance. Mad. Alaimo is very much admired in the part of Medea; the baritone, Guicciardi, sings with energy; the tenor, Charles Braham, is also well spoken of. Verdi's *Il Trovatore* has been produced with

equal success, the principal parts by Mad. Alaimo, Sigs. Landi and Guicciardi.

MILAN.—The theatre of Santa-Radegonda has re-opened its doors to the public with Ricci's opera *Il Nuovo Figaro*. In spite of the tediousness of some of the pieces, and the monotony of others, it was favourably received in the present dearth of novelty. The next opera will be Donizetti's *Elisabetta*.

A dress concert has been given at the theatre of the Filodrammatici. A new violinist, Sig. Corbellini, was highly successful in a solo part on Verdi's terzetto of *I Lombardi* Florence.

Rossini has gone to Lucca, where he has been advised to take the baths on account of the bad state of his health.

LEGHORN.—On the 24th June a new opera, *Ermelinda*, by Sig. Battista, was produced at the Teatro Leopoldo with considerable success. The execution was good, and many pieces were applauded. In the second act Sig. Amodio was much admired in an *aria*, "Donna impudica e perfida." In the third, the duet between Mad. Mulinari and Sig. Ciardi, and the *aria* sung by Mad. Mulinari, were encored. On the second representation, the success was even greater than on the first night.—Donizetti's *Marino Faliero* is in rehearsal. The part of the Protagonist will be sustained by Mad. Amodio.

### THE OPERA HOUSE, ST. PETERSBURG.

THE Italian Opera House, "Bolshoy Teátro," or Great Theatre, as it is called, stands in the centre of a large square. The site is excellent, but the effect of what might have been a handsome pile of masonry, is ruined by bald, stucco-daubed sides, with green verandahs, under which carriages take up and set down, and a paltry portico in front. That theatres need not be eyesores may be learnt at Dresden, Berlin, and Hanover; but in this instance it may have been thought desirable to erect a pendant to some of the other hideous public buildings that disfigure St. Petersburg—which has obtained an architectural reputation to which it has no claim, and which has been entirely created by the convulsive admiration of its own orthodox population, or the speculative laudations of distant authors.

The *salle* is not more imposing than the exterior, being large and ugly, while the decorations and fittings are ineffective and tasteless. The floor of the pit slopes steeply up from the orchestra, so that the view from the front seats is not limited, as with us, to occasional glimpses of the heads of the taller performers. At Covent Garden and the Haymarket, an opera-box is admirably adapted to the exclusion of air and sound, and, by the ingenious device of a partition wall, the view of the house is so completely blocked out, that only two persons can see what is passing on the stage, of whom one always gets a stiff neck in the attempt, while the rest of the party, who cannot see through the wall, now and then hear a fragment of some very noisy chorus, provided they are not suffocated before the end of the overture. At St. Petersburg, the divisions between the different boxes reach no higher than the backs of the occupants' chairs. There is no attempt in this theatre, as in those at Berlin, Dresden, etc., to invoke the assistance of statuary, or other ornamental forms, in piling the successive tiers one above another; the supports are mere carpentry, and not architecture. But the boxes can both hear and see, and people are not stifled. A box at the opera at St. Petersburg is, in fact, a pleasant luxury, and not, as in some places, a dismal dungeon.

We have hurried through the entrance-hall and lobbies, because they are best left as quickly as possible. A European visitor is astounded when he mounts the staircases, and walks round the box doors. The steps and floors swarm with servants in squatting or sleeping attitudes, many taking a quiet nap, with their heads comfortably pillowed on "schubes" of the richest fur. The scene is picturesque, for the flunkies of the grandees are dressed in brilliant liveries; but, delightful thought! the soft skins of the squirrel, the fox, the racoon, the sable, and other sleek beasts, in which these men are rolling, have just been thrown off by their masters and mistresses, by whom, after the opera, they will be resumed. The European lady would perhaps object to this arrangement, and might even doubt whether such practices be really tolerated anywhere except at Kliya and Bokhara; but when we add that the same servants will, at twelve p.m., compose themselves to rest on the drawing-room sofas, we anticipate further scepticism.

As the odour in the lobbies is not altogether satisfactory we shall adjourn to the *salle*, premising that the price of places, though rather cheaper than with us, is not regulated according to the low scale prevalent in most of the continental theatres. In the centre of the grand tier, or *bel étage*, is the imperial box, with a private chandelier, a private curtain of red velvet, a private gilt split crow (or double-headed eagle) above, and at the door two grenadiers from some regiment that

ends in "off," who keep going through the bayonet exercise as vigorously as if they were inflicting a "correction" on the enemies of the orthodox faith. The Emperor and his family seldom if ever exhibit their august persons beneath the official canopy, but prefer to be near the stage, and His Imperial Majesty usually sits in an omnibus box, a position not without its advantages, especially on ballet nights, when His Majesty's opera-glass is always actively employed. Those who seek for good looks on the grand tier will not find them, but, *en revanche*, the toilettes are ravishing, and the arrangement of the hair, and the combination of brilliant colours, leave nothing to be desired by the most refined taste. We much doubt whether there is a single *dame* or *demoiselle d'honneur* of the imperial court whose toilette can be fairly criticised above once a year, and we can only express the immeasurable inferiority in the aesthetics of millinery of our own wives, sisters, daughters, and *promises*, to those of our enemies, by saying that Russian women dress, and that the English wear clothes. We must add, on the other hand, that if a solitary beauty should appear in the house she is certain to be a foreigner, and that any face of surpassing loveliness is sure to be coloured by Anglo-Saxon blood.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE OPERA.—*There is no truth in the paragraph which appeared twice in La France Musicale. Mlle. SOPHIE CRUVELLI is in Germany, and will not arrive in England until the period fixed for the provincial tour, which, in conjunction with other artists of the Royal Italian Opera, she has undertaken with Mr. BEALE.*

\* \* \* *Owing to the space occupied by the Memoir of the late MAD. SONTAG, the Sketch of MR. BRAHAM'S life is postponed till next week. The same cause obliges us to defer our notice of the Royal Academy Concert, the Quartet Association, and other articles of interest.*

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 15TH, 1854.

The departure from this life of the Countess Rossi, better known to the world as Henriette Sontag, will be learned with deep and universal regret. A great artist, and a lady who was an example to her sex, are equally lost to us; and while those who only knew her on the stage of her triumphs will have to lament a gap in the sphere of their amusements, those who were intimately associated with her, and could testify to the excellent report of her virtues, will deplore the woman they regarded with affectionate esteem even more than the great singer they applauded and admired.

The artistic life of Mad. Sontag was strange. Two triumphs, divided by a long period of repose in wealth and luxury—a triumph in early youth, and a triumph in mature age; these were its stages. A fortune won by talent and perseverance, lost by unanticipated mishap; won again by the same talent and perseverance, the former ripened by experience, the latter made more eager by adversity; these were its incidents. The climax is indeed distressing. The second epoch of a most extraordinary art-life nearly completed, the second fortune gained, the plans for retirement in ease and comfort all laid down and settled, the mansion and estate purchased—where the twice artist, now again Countess, hoped to pass the remnant of her days in the bosom of her fatherland, to whose renown her genius had contributed, in the midst of her family, by whom she was adored—all seemingly tended to a happy sunset, the clouds of which should be coloured and brightened with the glory of the past.

But it is not man that disposes. The happiness so richly deserved, the peace so honourably earned, awaited Mad.

Sontag elsewhere. Death took her who had adorned life so well; a terrible pest, which scourged the City of Mexico, made no distinction between the accomplished artist and the common herd; and among the two hundred whose dissolution marked the progress of its ravages day by day, on the 12th of June was counted Henriette Sontag!

This was a sad end to such a pure and admirable life. But it should serve as a warning to all, from the highest to the lowest, from the most prosperous and contented to the poorest and most miserable. Here was one whose whole career was exemplary, who had filled the outward circle of the world with her artistic renown, and the inmost circle of her own fire-side with the happiness that flowed from her domestic qualities. Her fine endowments, and her woman's heart, had both their good fruit—the one in helping the advance of civilisation by the practice of a beautiful and incorruptible art, the other in acting as a model for those to imitate who were growing up about her. But this did not save her from the common lot; this did not avert from her an early death; this did not protect her from the poisoned breath of the cholera.

Nor should it. The wisdom of Providence is shown in its dispensations. If virtue is to have any other reward than that which rests in its own consciousness, if to be good is not of itself to be happy, the reward and the happiness belong not to the earth. If death be a curse, it is as much a curse to-morrow as to-day—since what is to-morrow but to-day? It was the happiness of Madame Sontag to have lived well, to have added her part to the refinement of her fellow-creatures, and to have paid every obligation to which she was bound by duty or affection. It will be the happiness of those who were nearest and dearest to her, and whom her unexpected demise has left to mourn, to remember her with respect, and to be enabled to talk of her to others who knew her not, as of one whose career was without a spot or stain. She has gone to a home where they must hope to join her,—and the best and the fittest way to do honour to her memory is to endeavour to emulate her virtues, to develop the influence which her irreproachable life has exercised.

M. JULLIEN, Mad. Jullien, and several of the artists who formed part of the American expedition, arrived in England on Saturday, by the "Arabia." It is worth noting that, during the ten months in which M. Jullien and his *troupe* have been sojourning and travelling in the United States, not one accident, and not one case of illness, occurred. The fact is almost without precedent.

MADAME ALBONI has returned to Paris. Her visit to England was, therefore, simply a pleasure-excursion. She was at the Royal Italian Opera almost every night. It is greatly to be regretted that she did not come to terms with Mr. Gye, since, when Grisi's "Farewell" performances are accomplished, the theatre will stand in need of some fresh stimulus, to arrest the force of the reaction in the public mind, which must inevitably follow upon such an unusual degree of excitement.

M. VIEUXTEMPS, having fulfilled his short engagement with the Musical Union, left London for the continent on Saturday.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—A concert for the benefit of the Hospice St. Gothard was held yesterday se'nnight. Mlle. Cesarini was encored in "O, luce di quest' anima." Miss Hermann was also encored in a song. Signor Cajani repeated a violin solo. Signor Operti and Miss Fox both performed on the piano, the lady a sonata by Beethoven, and was much applauded. Signors Campanella, Kinni, Liberali, Depetris, and the Misses Poole (nieces of Mr. Poole, the dramatist), lent the monks of St. Gothard some valuable aid on this occasion. Miss A. Poole is a very youthful vocalist, with a pretty face and a nice soprano voice; but her nervousness was too great to enable us to offer any opinion of her singing. The concert was not well attended.



## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Otello* was reproduced on Saturday, with Mad. Viardot as Desdemona in place of Mdle. Sophie Cravelli, and Sig. Lablache as Elmiro in the room of Sig. Tagliafico. Desdemona was one of the first parts in which Mad. Viardot, when Mdle. Pauline Garcia, appeared before the public. It is not, however, one of the most conformable to her abilities. She frequently sings and acts with great effect—witness her acting in the first and second finale, and her singing in the last act (all, excepting the grand duet); but the general impression left after the performance, is not such as the great artist leaves when she plays Fides or Valentine. Her conception, however, of the gentle Desdemona, displays the highest intelligence.

Sig. Lablache was magnificent in the malediction scene, and awed the whole house by the reality and power of his acting, and the grandeur of his voice. He had little to do in the other parts of the Opera. Sig. Tamberlik was in his best voice, and he and Sig. Ronconi created the old furor in the dramatic duet, "Tu m'inganni."

The opera was not received with great enthusiasm, although the principal artists obtained a recall after each act and at the fall of the curtain.

On Monday *Lucrezia Borgia* was given—one of Mad. Grisi's farewell nights. The house was crowded in every part, and the performance was admirable.

*Ernani* was announced for Tuesday, but was withdrawn in consequence of the illness of Mad. Bosio. Two acts of the *Prophète* were given instead, followed by *La Prova d'un Opéra Seria*. Mad. Viardot may be said to have had the whole evening to herself. Mad. Viardot is always ready to come forward to fill the vacancy in the bills caused by illness or indisposition—the terms are not synonymous—of any of the artists, and in this respect, at least, she is of vital importance to the management.

On Thursday, Donizetti's *La Favorita* was produced for the first time this season, the change in the distribution of parts being Sig. Lablache for Sig. Tagliafico in the Chief Monk, and Sig. Bartolini for Sig. Belletti in Alfonso XI.

Although certainly not one of Donizetti's best works, *La Favorita* holds possession of the stage by its interesting story, the fine situations afforded the *prima donna* and tenor for acting, and the splendour and variety of the *mise-en-scène*. The music is laboured, and has not that genial and graceful flow which characterise the composer's operas, serious and comic. In attempting to be grand, Donizetti failed to be himself, and we find little of his natural melody and ease in the *Favorita*.

The performance, on Thursday night, was almost equal to any we have heard at the Royal Italian Opera. Mad. Grisi, however, was somewhat indisposed, and only sang because Her Majesty had signified her intention of being present. The indisposition was hardly apparent, and must have worn itself out in the second act, since we never heard Mad. Grisi sing the grand air, "Mio tesoro," more magnificently. In the last scene, too, she sang and acted transcendently, and seemed fully equal to her best days.

Sig. Mario, in Fernando, began somewhat coldly, and sang the first romanza, "Une ange, une femme," with a nonchalance rather disappointing to his admirers. He used his *mezzo voce* and *falsette* throughout, and did not sing one chest note. Such exquisite breathing, nevertheless, has its charms, and we were charmed—softly. Sig. Mario, as is usual with him, warmed up as he went on, and in the last two acts sang as powerfully as ever. The pretty air,

"Angiol d'amore,"—the melody of which, by the way, we can never remember—was rendered with all the old force and suavity combined, and the famous duet which precedes the death of Leonora, given with the stereotyped effect, as we may say. At the fall of the curtain, Madame Grisi, and Signors Mario and Lablache were recalled with enthusiasm, and showers of bouquets thrown on the stage.

Sig. Lablache was grand and impressive as Baldassare, but we prefer the glorious basso when he is oily and pungent. Sig. Bartolini looked as little like a king as possible, but he sang well, and was useful in the concerted music. Mdle. Bellini, as before, was graceful and fitting in Inez, and Sig. Soldi was as vociferous as ever in the king's henchman.

## ROYAL OPERA, DRURY LANE.

THE performances of the past week present nothing new. *Masaniello* is being postponed from day to day, and the *Huguenots* has been withdrawn, in consequence of Herr Formes being compelled to attend to some engagement abroad which will detain him away for a fortnight. Meanwhile *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, *Sonnambula*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, have been given variously, the last alone creating any enthusiasm. The theatre, nevertheless, has been well attended; but the visitors yearn for some novelty. To-night *Fra Diavolo* is announced, with Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves in their favourite parts of the Brigand and Zerlina. Here, at all events, will be something as good as new.

## DRAMATIC.

## OPERA COMIQUE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—In each successive part undertaken by Madame Marie Cabel we trace some new beauty, some hitherto undiscovered grace, which raises her in our estimation both as an actress and a singer. Madame Cabel need not be compared with other artists, who have their peculiar merits. She has her own; among these is a wonderful clearness and rapidity of execution, a captivating ease and grace in the execution of florid and *bravura* passages, a certain exquisite *naïveté* both in her acting and singing, and a perfect originality of conception—which last is one of the great secrets of her success. The first two operas in which she appeared may be considered as mere displays of vocalisation, written expressly to show her off as a clever and accomplished executant of vocal *tours de force*. We recognised a wonderful proficiency in the execution of scales, trills, and cadenzas, whose great forte lay in ornaments and *fioriture*; but as regards her capabilities as a real and legitimate *artiste*, we knew less.

Since the production of *La Fille du Régiment*, *La Sirène*, and, above all, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, however, we are able to give a more decided opinion on the beauties and characteristics of Madame Cabel's talent.

We have now to speak of operas which possess a fund of graceful, original, and captivating melody, in which the exponent of the composer's thoughts has something more than mere cobwebs to tread upon; in which all the higher qualities of the artist are called into play, and in which conception expression and execution are equally necessary for success. All these qualities Madame Marie Cabel will be found to possess to a very high degree by her performance in the operas above-mentioned. In the last-mentioned she surprised us both by the superiority of her acting and singing. It is true that Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne* is one of his most charming operas, abounding in expressive phrases, real melodies, delightful piquant effects, and pleasing and varied combinations; and it is also true that M. Scribe and M. St-Georges never wrote a neater and more lively book.

Under such auspices, therefore, Madame Cabel had a fair field for the display of her talents, and her success was

triumphant. In the cavern scene of the first act her acting was excellent, and she looked a charming and piquante *bohémienne*. In the second act, as the lady of rank, she was elegant and *distinguée*. In the third, as the queen, she displayed a commanding dignity as the sovereign, and a feminine grace as the woman, the combination of which was peculiarly fascinating. Her singing was perfection throughout. Her air of the first act, "Adieu, Seigneur, il faut partir," was given with true feeling; the duet of the second act (with Mdlle. Girard, a clever singer and lively actress), "Dans les défilés des Montagnes," was rendered with admirable spirit and quaintness. But her great triumph was the *allegro*, "Ah! je veux briser ma chaîne," the variations at the end of which were sung with astonishing grace and brilliancy, and enthusiastically applauded. In the *cavatina*, "Je suis femme, je suis reine," Madame Cabel sang with genuine expression and simplicity. The significant epigram: "Il n'y a que cela de faux," pronounced with charming point and archness, brought the curtain down amidst a hurricane of applause and a shower of bouquets.

The other parts were but indifferently filled; and on that account Madame Cabel's task was so much the more difficult. The house was crowded.

**OLYMPIC.**—The new farce, called *Perfect Confidence*, produced on Monday night, affords Mr. Robson an excellent opportunity of displaying his talents in the serio-comic line. Mr. Easy is a jealous man, who is plunged into all sorts of miseries by his suspicions. But, after all, Mr. Easy does not suspect without some cause; he sees a stranger kiss his wife's hand without hindrance, beholds the bouquet he gave her as a love-token in the possession of the same individual, hears him boast of her kindnesses, and is shown by him a document of a promise of marriage from her. This would be enough to upset a brain constituted of stronger materials than that of poor Easy, who straightway fancies that Mrs. Easy is desirous to make herself an early widow, and is driven to utter despair. Of course, all is explained, and Easy finds that his wife has been only dallying with the stranger, who after all is no stranger, to hinder him from paying his addresses in a quarter where they are not acceptable. The mixed doubt, fear, consternation, and horror of poor Easy, as his wife's backslidings, one by one, rising in enormity, are made known to him, from the kissing of the hand to the promise of marriage, was represented with astonishing power by Mr. Robson, who was almost too real and too literal for the comedy of the piece. The scene in which Easy thinks his wife is going to poison him was, however, imitatively comic. His looking in her face so lovingly and earnestly, expecting she would relent in her murderous design; his growing horror, with the variations of his countenance, as he sees nothing in her face but calm unmitigated astonishment, which he construes into sanguinary determination, with his fall back into despair, constituted such a picture of the grotesque as would have awakened laughter under the ribs of death. Although the farce is constructed of the very slightest materials, and that the incidents are not all new, it is so smartly written, and the part was so well suited to Mr. Robson, that the success on Monday night was unequivocal, and a long run may be predicated in its favour. Mr. Robson was called for at the end, and received with the greatest enthusiasm. *Perfect Confidence* is taken from the French piece *Pas Jaloux*.

**SURREY.**—If a run of thirty successive nights to crowded houses be a test of the worth of an opera, *The Jewess* is worthy. Since the production of Mr. Balfe's *The Devil's in It*, Halévy's work has been the most successful hit. Mr. Planché's extravaganza of *The White Cat* has been revived for Miss Julia St. George, who looks well, sings nicely, and acts agreeably.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—A concert was given here on Monday. The selection consisted of upwards of thirty pieces, most of which were encored. Mr. John Thomas was called on to repeat Parish Alvars' "Harp imitation of a Mandolin," but declined the honour. The duet, "La festa," sung by Signors Gardoni and Belletti, a Scotch song, by Miss Stabbach, and the "Una furtiva lagrima," by Signor Belletti, were re-demanded and re-sung. The instrumental feature was the pianoforte playing of young Arthur Napoléon. He was loudly encored. Miss Louisa Fyne was re-called, after Rode's air and variations.

**STRAND.**—The idea of a number of curious and amusing situations growing out of two persons living opposite to each other and falling in love is not new to the stage, but we have seldom seen the notion turned to better account than it is in a very capital farce produced at this establishment last Wednesday, called *Opposite Neighbours*, by Mr. Howard Paul. One side of the street is inhabited by the most enterprising of Lotharios, while the other is rented by a most charming girl (of course), who makes wax flowers for a livelihood. He ogles and stares at her to the last degree of amatory persecution, until she is compelled to move. On the other hand, he is warned out of his lodging at the same moment, on account of arrears of rent. It would seem now that they would be no longer neighbours, but it turns out that she by accident gets into the apartment he has just vacated, and he rents her's by mistake, and in less than ten minutes after the change, they are again opposite each other. Just as the Lothario is congratulating himself on the novelty of their removal, he is informed by his new landlord that his late reference is most unsatisfactory, and again he is a pilgrim. In despair, he at length climbs up to her window by means of a ladder, which breaking after he is at the top, he manages to climb into her *mansarde*, and soften her objections by some well-applied speeches, in which romance and destiny have considerable to do. Miss Featherstone, as the "young lady," played with spirit and grace, and introduced a couple of songs, both of which were encored. Mr. Belford played *Fresco*, the hero, with considerable dash and vivacity, with the seeming determination of making the most of what is really a very good part.

## REVIEWS.

**"EARLY ONE FINE SUMMER'S MORN."** Written and composed by E. J. Loder. Addison and Hollier. Manchester and Liverpool, Hime and Co.

WE were aware that Mr. Loder was an accomplished musician, but we were not aware that he was a poet. Here, however, it is proved, in a quaint romaunt of the old English school, how a maiden comes to a hermit to confess her sins, and how the holy man says he can see no guilt in the maiden; how the maiden sighs, and how by "an incident" the hermit guesses her to be in love; how "a youth" appeared "from behind a tree;" and how the hermit immediately turned doctor, and bestowed the youth upon the maiden, as the only medicine for her malady. "Oh!" quoth the hermit, "Now I know this malady—but of it none e'er died." The hermit was wrong; but the metre of Mr. Loder is right; and the music to which he has set the romaunt is charming—quaint as the verses, simple and melodious, and accompanied with that piquant and refined taste in harmony for which the composer is noted.

**"ROSE OF THE WORLD."** Written and composed by Alphonso Matthey. Lewis and Co.

AN unpretending ballad in the sentimental style, with a pretty melody. The accompaniment is well written, and the words are sensible.

**"HOME IS SUCH A MAGIC WORD."**—Song. Composed by Croshaw Johnson. Campbell and Ransford.

**"THE DREAM OF BLISS."**—Song. Composed by Croshaw Johnson. Webb.

THESE are both extremely nice ballads, graceful, unaffected, and correctly written. The melody of "Home is such a magic word," is in the Scottish style and accent, and Mr. Linley, the poet, has supplied some very appropriate verses about "Auld lang syne," and so forth. "The Dream of Bliss" is a very effective song for a barytone. The melody is flowing, and the accompaniment carefully made. The progression (page 2), beginning with the transition into E flat, and leading back to the key, is musician-like.

"LA GAÏTÉ"—Morceau de Salon. "LA CATARINA"—Mazurka de Salon. By Croshaw Johnson. R. W. Ollivier.

BRIILLANT and extended *morceaux de danse*, well suited for drawing-room display, and well adapted for teaching. The "Gaîté" is in the style of a galop. The first theme, in F, is lively and well marked, the second, in B flat, elegant, and the third, in D flat, with reiterated notes in triplets, showy and effective. The "Catarina" is not so difficult; but it has more character, and is quite as spirited. It is in A flat; and a pleasant contrast is afforded by the episode, which is very pretty, being in the brighter key of E.

"SATILLITI"—Schottische. "THE SPIRIT'S SONG"—Nocturne. By Croshaw Johnson.

THE *schottische* is animated, but somewhat commonplace. The *nocturne*, on the contrary, is refined and ingenious. The theme is expressive, and the accompaniment gracefully distributed. The key of this piece is B flat. Mr. Johnson has dedicated it to Mr. Sterndale Bennett, which may account for the unusual pains he appears to have taken with it.

### THE ORGAN AT THE PANOPTICON.

A SLIGHT notice of the so-called and well-called "Grand Organ" at the Panopticon appeared in this journal some weeks since. Some notice of so fine a piece of handicraft had been long deserved at our hands, and we gave it;—but this as an instalment—a sop to Cerberus (or the Messrs. Hill)—an acknowledgment of our obligations, to be redeemed when came holiday time, fine weather, and our capital friends the country professors. We always intended to give some description of a work which, if not perfect, is certainly without an equal in this country, and can choose no better time for commencing than when, as now, so many of our provincial subscribers, readers, and contributors are disporting themselves in the metropolis. A visit to the Panopticon will, of course, be among their doings here, and we believe they will willingly accept this paper by way of hand-book during their inspection of the organ.

Some one among the many astute, ingenious, and authoritative "catechisms" and "manuals" of the organ prevalent among us, commences, after the good old fashion, at the beginning of things, thus-wise:—"On looking at a large church organ, the first thing that strikes the eye is the case." Now, we like a good example, especially in print, and so mean to follow it. The case of the Panopticon organ must have been a puzzle to the designer, whoever he was. Since the days of Tubal Cain and Hiram (him of the Temple, we mean) there surely never were such monstrosities of work, in metal and wood, as the "designs" of our modern church-architects for organ-cases. Classic or Gothic, 'tis all the same. Sheer, square, flat ugliness, or, at best, an inappropriate affectation of tawdry ornament, almost invariably takes the place of invention and grandeur of style. And thus, somehow or other, it happens that the very men who can build such churches as that at Camberwell and the "Catholic and Apostolic" in Gordon-square, can think of nothing better than a mere bedizen box for the vestment of an instrument whose sublime and heart-stirring tones certainly deserve, and ought to suggest, the addition of corresponding grandeur and elevation in its exterior. But the Panopticon architect was in a greater difficulty than his church-building brethren. Here, the tapering columns and massive cornices of the Classic style, and the buttresses, tracery, finials, and "weather-boarding" of the Gothic, were equally forbidden. He was in something neither more nor less than a sort of Moresco-Byzantine temple, and must fit himself to it,—the want of all tradition notwithstanding. And how has he accomplished his task? Capitally, we think; and the general verdict, we believe, will be equally in his favour. The exterior dimensions of the Panopticon organ are unusually large;—some five-and-thirty feet in width, by twenty in depth, and fifty in height to the top of the swell-box. This circumstance of *size* alone gives much opportunity to the invention of the architect, as well as facility for the

mechanism of the builder; although, as we shall have to point out, both have been cramped by necessities unconnected with the instrument itself. By a strange arrangement, the apparatus for the dissolving views, etc., is placed in an apartment at the back of the organ, and the tinted rays from its lenses must therefore necessarily pass through the centre of the instrument to be received on a transparent medium temporarily suspended for the purpose some twenty feet in front of the organ case. It is thus obvious that a space somewhat more than equal to the bulk of the diverging rays from the lenses before-mentioned must be reserved through the middle of the organ, perfectly free from architectural ornament without, and from pipes or the minutest thread of mechanical attachment within. Wherefore it happens that, to recur to our exemplary "catechism" or "manual," on looking at the Panopticon organ "the first thing that strikes the eye" is not merely "the case" but also a large square hole right in the centre of it, and through which, interior darkness alone prevents the organ-builder's mechanism from being seen. So well, however, has the architect managed his share in the matter, that this "hole" scarcely at all deteriorates from the very elegant and effective appearance of the exterior. Nothing of the kind, indeed, can be well more novel and striking than the general arrangement of the front. Two large "wings" or "towers," at the sides, containing a portion of the pedal-organ, and displaying some of the sixteen-foot work gilt, project boldly several feet beyond the general line of front; along the centre, and immediately above the usual impost, rises a very elegant piece of screen-work decorated with gilding and polychrome; next comes the "hole" before mentioned, and above that a species of upper cornice, skilfully connected at the sides with the screen-work below. From this cornice project horizontally the two ranks of the "Tuba mirabilis"; immediately above them stands the sound-board of the solo-organ—its pipes gilt and in full view; and lastly towers up to the ceiling the swell-box, its Venetian front being richly and tastefully ornamented with gilding and colour. It is impossible not to admire the skill with which the architect has here wrought up some matters of very ugly necessity into an harmonious and beautiful *ensemble*. The continuous up-rising lines of carved work and gilded pipes with which the usual organ-case conceals its interior mechanism, were here clearly out of the question. The optician was to be considered, and a "hole" left for the display of his devices. But so well has the thing been managed that, notwithstanding the materials of the solo and swell organs are displayed in all their matter-of-fact and naked integrity, their position, the tasteful style of their decoration, and the pyramidal form they assume, contribute, rather than otherwise, to the striking and elegant effect of the whole.

We pass now to the interior of the instrument, and rejoice, as we go, to find how the English organ-builders are improving, and how little there is, in this instance, reprehensible, either musically or mechanically, compared with the amount of skill and care so generally manifested.

The art of making *large organs* is yet but in slow process of growth in this country. Without doubt, several organs have been completed here which it would take some controversial in-temperity to put down as otherwise than *large*. Large they are as to number of pipes, yet lack well nigh every other element of greatness. Speaking generally, they are mere magnifications of small organs. They look as though they were built patch upon patch—a kind of practical addition-sums worked in timber—a species of wooden literature, without end of parentheses and after-thoughts screwed on at each moment's convenience. In plainer phrase, they shew too little the thorough subjection of the carpenter to the draughtsman—the well-digested all-embracing plan—the full development of detail on paper—the *engineering spirit*, in short, necessary to perfect the vast and complicated machine properly styled a large organ. Putting the metropolis aside, there are a score or more of organ-builders dispersed over the provinces, quite ready, we venture to say, to undertake at a moment's notice the construction of an instrument four times as large as any of the Dutch leviathans, without fear, halting, or scruples of conscience;



and yet we know full well that, even London included, the result, with *very few* exceptions, would be total and miserable failure. About our short-comings in this respect there is no especial miracle. The absence, in all our organ-builders, of an appropriately scientific education, and the presence, in a large majority, of unbounded prejudice and conceit, are quite sufficient to account for their hitherto slow advance towards real excellence. They know, practically, that certain masses of material have to be disposed in certain spaces, that frictional and pneumatic resistance has to be overcome, and that motive power has to be conducted hither and thither as occasion demands; but of mechanics scientifically—of the relations of power and resistance, of the just direction of forces, of the dynamic value of materials, and of the laws of pneumatic pressure, they know, speaking generally, next to nothing.

All this, of course, has reference to the work, or material structure of the organ. In the musical part of the matter,—the selection of tones, the just variety and proportion of scales, and the *voicing*, or *mise en harmonie*, as our French neighbours have it, the best of our builders are considerably more advanced. Yet even here, they are too much manufacturers and traditionalists,—too little artists and experimenters. They have too staunch a faith in their own merits, and too thoroughly the John Bull contempt for their foreign rivals.

The interior of the Panopticon organ, viewed mechanically, illustrates the remarks just made, both as regards the evident improvement now in progress among our builders, and the difficulties here to be encountered in the structure of so large an instrument. Neither in plan nor execution is the mechanism of the Panopticon organ perfect. We could not, for instance, compare it—neither, we are sure, would Mr. Hill himself do so—with that of the Paris *Madeleine*. The English public and their guides, the professors, have as yet not the taste to exact, nor have our workmen the skill to achieve, the thoughtful and exquisite finish of Cavallé's performance. Yet Mr. Hill's grand organ, if it will not bear these extreme tests of comparison, is by much in advance of everything that he or any of his countrymen had previously completed. It is the best, the most perfect thing of the kind in England; and, so being, is eminently worthy the careful examination of all who are interested in the progress of organ-building. The disposition of the frame-work of so large an instrument is no trifling matter. Masses of material, of great weight and magnitude, frequently separated from each other by considerable intervals—in this instance peculiarly so, owing to the optical necessities before spoken of—have to be supported in all kinds of positions, and often at great elevations, by such an arrangement of frame-work as, while it affords all requisite strength, shall not, in the shaping and position of its materials, prevent the readiest access of eye and hand for such reparation and adjustment as the more delicate parts of the machinery may require. All this, with some trifling exceptions, has been skilfully and carefully effected at the Panopticon. Furthermore we must notice, in this place, the very capital idea of making the main timbers of the frame *hollow*; by which arrangement, while retaining sufficient strength for their more obvious office, they are made to serve as conduits of communication between the bellows and sound-boards, and thus dispense with those very necessary but troublesome appendages, the ordinary wind-trunks. This improvement—trifling as it may seem—is sufficient to assert for Mr. Hill the possession of a high order of constructive faculty,—to be further developed, we hope, in his next large work. The sound-boards are of excellent workmanship and unusually large dimensions. In this last particular we recognize an unvarying and important feature of Mr. Hill's practice. He, more than any of our builders, seems to appreciate the fact, that, without ample room round all the pipes on the sound-boards, it is impossible to produce the *quality* of a grand organ. With the small and crowded sound-boards which too commonly prevail, there come a host of evils—easily overlooked, as a matter of *cause*, but plentifully apparent in the general result. Insufficient supply of wind and consequent *langueur* of tone; flue-pipes so huddled and jostled together that they may be said to speak in the condensed atmosphere of their

own breath; reeds whose bells touch and overshadow each other in every direction;—none of these things can consist with purity and grandeur of sound. Even bearable justness of *tuning* itself, under these circumstances, can only be arrived at by a system of coaxing and compromise, which sacrifices *quality* at every step. In fact, an organ-pipe can no more tell its story, in such a case, than a man can exert his strength in a crowd. But, on taking a tour among the sound-boards of the Panopticon organ (and which, by the by, there is plenty of room to do without danger to oneself or the sonorous army at one's feet), it is impossible not to be struck with the appearance of dignity and importance about everything around one. There is no big bully of a diapason treading on a brother's toes who is only lucky enough to find some uneasy place on the outskirts of the tuneless assemblage;—no little fussy mixtures hissing and spitting down their neighbour's throats;—no lank trombones warped and twisted out of their natural rectitude, because their minor kinsfolk lack elbow-room to say their say amidst the brassy conclave. Everything looks calm, grand, orderly, and business-like. We feel at once that the array of pipes before us is prepared to speak, and to speak with a purpose;—we recognise in the whole arrangement the spirit of *large-organ-making*.

The mechanism of the key-actions is, for the most part, very satisfactory. It has not the laborious and artist-like finish of the French work, but is clean, sound, and effective. In proof, we may state that the touches of the swell and solo organs, which are unaided by the pneumatic apparatus, cannot have a less extent of movement than fifty feet, and have—on account of the great lateral separation of the sound-boards—the extra disadvantage of double roller-boards, are exceedingly light, elastic, and agreeable. The pneumatic apparatus attached to the great organ keys is very well worth inspection as, perhaps, the best piece of handicraft about the whole instrument, and, with all its array of couplers, acts to perfection. To the general arrangement of the key-movements, however, we have two objections to make. The unusual extent to which the great-organ sound-boards are laterally separated (on account of the "hole" so often mentioned) made the ordinary form of the connection between the pneumatic apparatus and the pallets somewhat dangerous. Mr. Hill has accordingly substituted a modification which has, at least, the credit of considerable ingenuity. But it is also open to the reproach of being needlessly roundabout, and, from the frequent crossings in its planes of motion, imposes unnecessary frictional labour on the pneumatic apparatus by which it is wrought. And in the second place, we must object that the main horizontal lines of trackers, from the keys, traverse the interior of the organ at a very inconvenient level—too high to walk over, too low to walk under them—whereby a large amount of space is practically destroyed, and the entire freedom of perambulation so essential in instruments of this class, is rendered impossible. By these faulty arrangements also, and by the unnecessary crowding of other parts about the spot, instant access to the pneumatic apparatus is made a much more difficult affair than it should be. As the bellows do not stand within the organ, and as the area occupied by the instrument is very considerable, these constructive defects might have been easily avoided.

We must next notice, as a highly creditable evidence of care, the employment of the pneumatic apparatus specially for the pedal organ; whereby the performer, in executing difficult passages, is freed from the annoyance of great depth or weight in the pedal touch. The same useful auxiliary is applied to the draw-stop action, and with most excellent result. Every one who has played on a large organ—except in the case of the best French examples—must have experienced the fuss, worry, and expenditure of strength to be endured in the management of its registers. Some of this inconvenience is due to the distance which the motion has to be carried, and to the *vis inertia* of the materials employed; but much more to the want of mechanical skill in planning the course of the action, and to the clumsy style in which the work is executed. By a very adroit use of Mr. Barker's invention, however, all this evil is avoided at the Panopticon. The registers of the most distant sound-boards—those of the swell and pedal organs, for example—are commanded by a

mere feather-weight of exertion; and as the composition pedals are also connected to this mechanism, they partake of all its advantages.

The bellows are placed in an apartment behind the organ, and are wrought by a small oscillating steam-engine. For the mechanical arrangements of this department, of course the engineering staff of the establishment, not Mr. Hill, is responsible, and we are bound to say they are anything but creditable. A certain speed of piston, it is well known, is essential to regularity of action, especially in the case of small engines, and as this speed would be neither safe nor convenient for the feeders of an organ-bellows, the crank-shaft to which these are attached should have been on a second-motion, and driven at a much lower rate of speed than the crank-shaft of the engine itself. As, however, in this case, the feeders are connected directly with the fly-wheel shaft of the engine, a vigilant superintendence is necessary to correct the evils of a motion, irregular if sufficiently slow, and if regular too rapid for security so far as the wear of the feeders is concerned. Furthermore, a mechanical head would not have required five minutes to devise some automatic means of regulation whereby the expenditure of steam in the engine should have been exactly proportioned to the expenditure of wind in the organ.

In concluding our review of the mechanical department of this organ, we must again record the pleasure we have derived from its inspection. It is not perfect; and we have elsewhere stated why perfection in this species of art is not yet to be expected among us. But it makes a great stride in the hoped-for direction. It atones for hosts of old faults, and gives abundant promise for the future. No one who knows the English organ as it has been, and has sufficient acquaintance with technicalities to perceive what it may and ought to arrive at, can examine Mr. Hill's new work without high gratification at the many evidences of unsparing skill, care, and artist-like endeavour, with which he has distinguished it.

The musical qualities of the Panopticon organ will be considered at length in our next paper.

MADAME OURY'S MATINÉE MUSICALE was given on Monday last, at the residence of Lady Vassall Webster, Granard Lodge, Roehampton. The services of Herr Reichardt, Sig. Ciabatta, Mr. Allan Irving, M. Jules Lefort, and Mad. Marie Cabel—German, Italian, English, and French, by the way—were retained as vocalists; while M. Jacquard, the talented violoncellist, was added to M. and Mad. Oury, on the violin and piano, as instrumentalists. The concert was further varied and enlivened by the performances of M. Oury's German band, who played in the gardens at the conclusion of the in-doors entertainment. Mad. Oury executed some pleasing bagatelles of her own composition, and performed a *fantasia* on airs from *Rigoletto* in brilliant style and with great applause. She also joined M. Oury in a duo concertante on *Les Huguenots*, for piano and violin. The vocal features were Herr Reichardt's "Adelaide," and Mad. Cabel's air from *La Sirène* and a cavatina from *La Promise*. Herr Reichardt gave Beethoven's *cantata* with great feeling and expression; and Mad. Cabel enchanted her hearers with the charms of her voice and the wonders of her execution. Sig. Vera presided at the piano.

MADAME NISSEN-SALOMAN'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE was given on Wednesday, at the Educational Institute, Cadogan Gardens, Sloane-street. The vocalists, in addition to Madame Nissen-Saloman, were Signors Gardoni and Flavio, Mr. Allan Irving, and M. Jules Lefort; the instrumentalists, M. Jaques Blumenthal, Herr Pauer, and Mr. Charles Salaman (pianoforte), Mr. John Thomas (harp), Herr Deichman (violin), M. Leon Jacquard (violoncello), and M. Vivier (horn). The most admired performances were M. Vivier's exquisite romance, "Une Plainte," for voice and horn *obbligato*—admirably sung by Madame Nissen-Saloman, and loudly applauded. The horn part was played to perfection by M. Vivier himself. Rosenhain's second trio in D minor, Op. 33, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was executed in capital style by Mr. Charles Salaman, Herr Deichmann, and M. Jacquard; two Swedish romances, by Mad. Nissen-Saloman,

were encored; and M. Blumenthal's romance, "Rappelle-toi," was well sung by Sig. Gardoni. The concert, which was under high patronage, attracted a numerous and fashionable assembly. M. Benedict, Sig. Pilotti, and Sig. Vera, were the conductors.

MADAME DREYFUS gave a morning concert at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Monday last. The selection was supported by Mdle. Sedlatzek, Mad. F. Lablache, Signor Gardoni, Signor F. Lablache, and Mr. Eustace, as vocalists; and Signor Li Calsi (pianoforte), Signor Noronha (violin), M. Pague (violoncellist), and Mad. Dreyfus (harmonium.) The interest of the concert attached to the *beneficiaire*, whose performances last year on the harmonium, an instrument invented and perfected by M. Alexandre, were so much admired. The harmonium is of the family of the seraphine, but an immense improvement on that once popular instrument, all its defects having been remedied, and sundry new inventions applied in its construction. It is admirably adapted to small churches, chapels, and schools, where it is now extensively used, and, as a drawing-room organ, it will be found greatly useful. In the accompaniment of sacred music it possesses certain advantages over the piano. Mad. Dreyfus' performance set off the harmonium with advantage. Her playing was characterised by a simplicity and plainness in good keeping with the music she executed on Monday. Her best efforts were in the *fantaisie* from the *Prophète*, and in the trio, with pianoforte and violoncello, by Sebastian Bach; in both she was distinctly applauded. Signor Gardoni sang two romanzas; Mad. Lablache sang a homely ballad; Mdle. Sedlatzek introduced the "No, no, no," cavatina from the *Huguenots*, and Mr. Eustace sang Esser's "Fond heart, adieu." The rooms were exceedingly full. Mr. Frank Mori accompanied the vocal music.

MDLLE. LOUISE CHRISTINE received her numerous and distinguished patrons at a very interesting *Soirée Musicale*, held at her residence in Eaton-square, on the 23rd ult. It will be remembered that Mdle. Christine made her *début* as a harpist, with much success, during the last winter. Since that time, she has been repeatedly heard in public, and her reputation now, as a clever and graceful player, is very extensive. On the evening in question, Mdle. Christine played several solos, by Alvares, with much good taste, and, in a duet, with Miss A. Goddard, displayed equal power and feeling. All the efforts of the fair *beneficiaire* were well received, and a song of her composition (rendered by Madame F. Lablache), was much applauded. The names of the excellent artists who assisted Mdle. Christine, are as numerous as the distinguished persons who in the French sense, also "assisted" at the concert. Suffice it to say, that the former party were successful in entertaining their aristocratic visitors, who appeared to enjoy every item of the programme.

MADAME CORINNA DE LUIGI and Signor Lorenzo gave a selection of music at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday morning, under very distinguished patronage. The vocal engagements were Signors Belletti and Gardoni, Mr. Allan Irving, Madame Angles Fortuni, and Miss Alleyne. Madame de Luigi, who has a fine *mezzo-soprano* voice, executed "Non più mesta" with skill and effect, and sang in several duets and trios. Madame Angles Fortuni confirmed the favourable impression she made on the occasion of her *début* at Drury Lane. Miss Alleyne (not the fair Grace, but the little black-eyed, dark-haired), helped herself to the lion's share of the laurels. She was loudly encored in two arias—the latter, "Come per me sereno," from *La Sonnambula*. Signor Lorenzo, who cannot fail to be remembered at Her Majesty's Theatre, has a fine bass voice and made a highly favourable impression in a "Romanza" of Verdi. Mr. Allan Irving gave one of the tenor songs from *La Favorita*; and Signor Bazzini, in a solo on the violin, elicited loud applause. The room was fully and fashionably attended. Among the visitors were the Countess Walewski and Lady Jersey.

MISS ROSETTA VINNING, King's Scholar of the Royal Academy of Music, has left that Institution to commence practising as professor of music and singing in the county of Devon. On leaving the Academy she obtained a first class certificate. Miss Rosetta Vinning received instructions at various times from Mr. Balsir Chatterton, Mr. W. H. Holmes, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Macfarren, all of whom testify to her abilities and capacity as a teacher.

MR. MACREADY AND THE BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND INSTITUTE.  
—We have great pleasure in laying before our readers the following copy of a letter received by the Artizans' Committee, formed to aid in augmenting the funds of the Institute, from the eminent tragedian, Mr. Macready. The prospect of again hearing the fervid thoughts of our own Shakspeare embodied in the eloquent voice—which we feared was silent for ever—of one whose fame is so dear to us, is a pleasure of no ordinary kind. The spirit in which the letter is written, and the object in whose behalf the tender of his estimable aid is made, render the anticipations of Mr. Macready's visit still more pleasurable. The following is the letter:—

"*Sherborne House, Sherborne, Dorset, June 7th, 1854.*

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 29th ultimo, inclosing a copy of a resolution passed by the Artizans' Committee of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, requesting a Dramatic Reading in aid of their subscriptions.

"I cannot express in terms too forcible the degree of sympathy, and the earnest gratification, with which I observe the growth of such associations throughout the country, believing, as I do, the elevation and enlightenment of the many to be the only security for the maintenance of order, that essential good, and for the permanence of our national prosperity.

"It was with the deepest interest, therefore, that I read the reports of the meetings in which your Institution originated; and I should be really delighted (I cannot adopt a more formal or less hearty word) if I were able to contribute in the humblest degree towards the advancement of the objects proposed in its formation. But, unhappily, I cannot calculate upon my health, as once I could, nor have I from the discontinuance of their exercise, the confidence in my powers on which I could formerly rely.

"Still, though very loth again to confront a public audience, I am anxiously desirous of being associated with your Institution, and would overcome many scruples to realise the wish, and to testify at the same time the feelings of attachment which, unimpaired by time, I still cherish for the home of my boyhood.

"If it accords with the views and wishes of the committee, I will endeavour to arrange, for some evening late in the autumn, or towards the close of the year, a Reading, which I hope may give them satisfaction.

"I remain, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

"Mr. Frederick Grew, Hon. Sec., &c." "W. C. MACREADY.

DUBLIN.—The annual concerts of Mrs. and the Misses Allen took place at their Academy, 5, Gardiner's-row, Rutland-square, on Friday and Saturday last. The class who played the early lessons last year performed this year several pieces of Logier, Herz, and other composers, in concert, with solos interspersed, while the more advanced class, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Reminiscence de Beethoven, Haydn's symphony in D, Heller's Hommage à Schubert, Beethoven's celebrated overture to *Egmont*, Meyerbeer's overture to *Les Huguenots*, Herold's overture to *Zampa*, Reiss's Triumphant March, in concert (the four last pieces engaging twenty performers.) The solo pieces were chosen from the modern compositions. The Misses Allen performed some duets for two pianos. The concerts commenced each day shortly after one o'clock, and did not terminate until nearly six o'clock. Upwards of two hundred persons were present, all of whom seemed pleased with the young performers, whose playing and taste gave proof of the care, attention, and judicious system of tuition which have gained for the academy a fashionable celebrity.

MUSIC.—I consider music to be the most graceful accomplishment and delightful recreation that adorns this hard-working world, and renovates our busy, overcharged existence. Its negative import is great. It provides an amusement for our people, and keeps many from the ale-house and midnight brawl. Its positive importance and value are inestimable; for the combining chords that regulate our whole being are so interwoven, sense with principle, that the very character assumes a clothing from external circumstances. I am aware that, from every altar, however pure and sacred, fire might be stolen and desecrated; but we should emulate the flame which, while it enlivens all around, points to the skies. I would not confine music to any walk in life. Not alone in the sacred cathedral, not alone in the costly theatre, nor in the gilded saloons, nor confine it to six-guinea stalls; but I would hear our nightingales sing in every grove and trill on every bough. I would have the happy art enliven the domestic tea-table, add variety to the village-school, and linger in the sanctuary.  
—Lord Carlisle.

## FOREIGN AUTHORS' COPYRIGHT IN ENGLAND.

(From the Musical Times.)

THIS protracted matter still rests undecided. On the 4th, the Judges Crompton, Williams, Erle, Wightman, Maule, and Coleridge, delivered their opinion in favour of the right; while the Judges Alderson, Parke, Pollock, and Jervis, took the opposite side. The final judgment of the Lords—who are represented by Lord Brougham, Lord St. Leonards, and Lord Cranworth (the Lord Chancellor)—remains still to be given.

We have never been able to account for the doubts which appear to weigh with the minority of the Judges on this question. Copyright is granted to the "author of any book first printed and published in this country." On the most careful examination of the words of all the copyright acts since Queen Anne, there is nothing to limit the meaning of the words "Author of any book" to the subjects or to residents in this country, but quite the contrary; for the condition ("first printing and publishing in this country") can be as well fulfilled by a foreign author's representative as if he were here to do it himself; the benefit to English literature is thoroughly complied with, by his providing that his book shall be printed in England, and the act gives copyright to the authors who do so. In the VIIIth Section of 41 Geo. III. c. 107, it speaks of it not being lawful to import, etc. "any printed books first composed, written, or printed and published in any part of the said United Kingdom"—evidently contemplating the case of printed and published books, composed or written out of England.

In the early books of the Stationers' Company, several foreigners entered for their copyright; and if we wish to gather the intention of Anne's Act, we ought to remember that the most important books were then published in Holland, or the Low Countries, and that it was the English policy to induce all authors to print their books in England, so to advance literature, and they offered the substantial reward of copyright in return.

With what honesty can this country distinguish between the brains it may rob and those it may not, by the mere accident of the author's birth-place.

The VIIIth section of 8 Anne, cap. 19, evidently contemplates that foreigners will avail themselves of the Act which confers copyright on the "Authors of any book," as it provides that nothing of the Act shall be construed to hinder the importation of books in Greek, Latin, or any other foreign language printed beyond the sea.

It is to be hoped that the Lords, to whom this important question is now referred, will make an early decision, and that it may be in accordance with national honesty and the real interests of literature, securing the Author's rights in the fruit of his own brain, whatever may happen to be the land of his birth or adoption.

EMILE PRUDENT has left London for Paris. He returns to England in October.

THE "STUTTGARTER MUSIKSCHULE."—Of all higher schools of music, which, in imitation of that in Leipzig, have been founded in Munich, Berlin, Cologne, and other cities of Germany, there is not perhaps one which can boast of having made so much progress in so short a space of time as that under the direction of Hofrath Schilling in Stuttgart. Among other promising pupils is a young pianist of the name of Truka, from Graz, who bids fair to become one of the first artists of the day. A young lady, also, of the Heinefetter family, promises one day to rank high as a singer.—From the "*Hamburger Fahrzeitung*."

MRS. MORGAN CLIFFORD gave a *Soirée Musicale* at her residence, 15, Eaton-place, Belgrave-square, last Thursday week, to a large circle of her fashionable friends, when the following selection of music was performed, under the direction of Dr. Wylde:—

Scena, (Der Freischütz), Miss Grace Alleyne, Weber; Sonata, piano and violin, Dr. Wylde and Herr Jansa, Beethoven; Song, "L'Addio," Mad. Amadei, Mozart; Aria, Sig. Ciabatta, Rossini; Fantasia, piano-forte, Mdle. Clauss, Liszt; Bolero, Miss Grace Alleyne, Mercadante; Melodies for the Violin, Herr Jansa, Jansa; Lieder ohne Worte, piano-forte, Mdle. Clauss, Mendelssohn; Duet, (Semiramide), Mad. Amadei and Sig. Ciabatta, Rossini.

## MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TO-DAY.—Orchestral Union, Fourth and Last Concert, Hanover-square Rooms, Three o'clock.

WEDNESDAY.—Mdle. Verneti Paravalli, Annual Concert, Hanover-square Rooms.—Mr. W. E. Evans, Classical Concert, Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, Eight o'clock.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Blagrove's Violin Soirée, Blagrove Rooms, Eight o'clock.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**CONCERTINA QUARTET CONCERT.**—Mr. W. E. EVANS (of Cheltenham) begs respectfully to announce a CLASSICAL CONCERT by his Quartet Party, assisted by the eminent artistes, Mdle. Ferrari, Sig. Ferrari, Sig. Nappi, Sig. Giulio Regondi, and Sig. Li Calsi, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on Wednesday Evening, July 19th, 1854, commencing at Eight o'clock. Tickets, 5s.; Reserved ditto, 7s. 6d.; to be had at Messrs. Wheatstone's, and principal music-shops.

**MADLLE. VERNETTI PARAVALLI**, from the Theatres of Milan, Venice, and Turin, has the honour to announce that her First Annual Grand Concert will take place on Wednesday, July 19th, at the Hanover-square Rooms, under the most distinguished patronage, and assisted by eminent artists; amongst whom, Madlle. Annie de Lara. Reserved seats, 10s.; Tickets, 7s.; Orchestra, 5s. Further particulars will be duly announced. To be had at R. W. Olivier's, 19, Old Bond-street; Cramer, Beale, and Co's., Regent-street; Leader and Cook, New Bond-street; and at Madlle. Paravalli's, 6, York-street, Portman-square.

**T. SPENCER**, Music Paper Ruler, 4, Stafford-place, Vauxhall Bridge-road, near the Bridge, solicits the attention of the musical world to his List of Prices, which will be forwarded, post free, on application. Very superior Paper, 12 or 14 staves, at 16s., 18s., 20s., 22s., and 24s. per Ream, and from 1s. per Quire.

**BOOSE'S NEW MODEL CORNET-A-PISTONS.** Price Seven Guineas. In calling attention to a new and very beautiful model Cornet-a-Piston which Messrs. Boosey and Sons have lately completed, they would beg to observe that, with the assistance of the most able professors in London, they have succeeded in uniting in this instrument a perfect intonation with a clear, rich, and brilliant tone never before attained to such perfection in the cornet-a-piston. It can, further, be played without effort, even by one inexperienced in the use of brass instruments. BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street, Military Instrument Manufacturers and Music Publishers to Her Majesty's Army, and the Honourable East India Company's Service, &c.

**MILITARY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Military Regiments or parties joining Bands, and in want of Instruments, Music, or a Band Master, are invited to apply to Messrs. BOOSEY and SONS, 28, Holles-street, Military Instrument Manufacturers, and Music Publishers to Her Majesty's Army and the Hon. E. I. C.'s Service. The high character of their Instruments and Journals for Reed and Brass Bands are acknowledged throughout the Army.—A Register kept of the most experienced Band Masters.

**BOOSE'S BRASS BAND JOURNAL.**—The Annual Subscription reduced one-half, namely, from four guineas to two guineas. Messrs. Boosey & Sons, in announcing the above important reduction in the price of Boose's Brass Band Journal, commencing from May 15th, beg to inform their Subscribers that no reduction will take place in the quantity of matter in each number, which, as heretofore, will consist of a variety of quick steps, dances, and operatic pieces, &c. A number is published and forwarded to Subscribers on the 15th of every month. Price to Non-Subscribers, 5s. per number. This Journal can be performed by a Brass Band of any size. A list of back numbers may be had on application. Boosey & Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MR. JOHN THOMAS' NEW HARP COMPOSITIONS.				s.	d.
Spring—Characteristic	Moreau	...	...	3	0
Summer	ditto	ditto	...	3	0
Autumn	ditto	ditto	...	3	0
The Parting—Romance	...	...	...	2	6
The Tear	ditto	...	...	2	6
Adieu, my Native Country!	...	...	...	2	6
Adieu de Salzbourg	...	...	...	2	6
Le Matin—Impromptu	...	...	...	3	0
Le Soir	ditto	...	...	3	0
Four Recreations, in 4 Nos.	...	...	...	2	6
First Concerto	...	...	...	9	6
Andantino of ditto (arranged as a Duet for Harp and Piano)	...	...	...	4	0

BOOSEY and SONS, 28, Holles-street.

**SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI** has removed to 22, Manchester-street, Manchester-square.

**TO COUNTER TENOR SINGERS.**—There is a Vacancy for an Alto Voice in the Choir of Winchester Cathedral. Candidates should be familiar with the Choral Service, and able to read music with facility. Persons of inferior qualifications need not apply. For particulars apply to J. Lampard, Esq., Southgate-street, Winchester.

**RIGOLETTO.**—The following numerous arrangements of this very popular Opera are now ready.

VOCAL—THE ENTIRE OPERA, 12s.				s.	d.
Caro Nome che il mio Core (sung by Mdle. Bosio)	Sc. e Polac...	S.	2	6	
Cortigiani, vill Razza Dannata	...	Aria	...	B.	3 0
Figlia! mio Padre! a te dappresso	...	Duetto, S. & B.	...	4	0
La Donna è Mobile (sung by Sig. Mario)	...	Canzone	...	T.	2 0
Parmi veder le Lagrime	...	Aria	...	T.	2 6
Questa o quella per me pari sono (sung by Sig. Mario)	Ballata	T.	2	0	
Signor, nè Principe io lo vorrei!	...	Duetto, T. & S.	...	4	0
Somiglia un Apollo quel Giovane	...	Sc. Terz. e Tempesta	...	5	0
Tutte le Feste, al Tempio	...	Sc. e Duet	...	4	0
Un di, se ben rammentomi	...	Quartetto, S. C. T. & B.	...	4	0
V' ho ingannato—colpevole fui	...	Sc. e Du fin	...	3	0
Possente amor mi chiami	...	Melodia	...	T.	2 0
Zitti, zitti, moviamo	...	Terz. S. T. & B.	...	3	0

## ENGLISH VERSION.

Fair shines the Moon to-night (La Donna)	...	...	2	0
Ditto	...	as a Duet	2	6

## PIANOFORTE SOLO.

The Favourite Airs from Rigoletto, by Nordmann, in two books,				each	...	5	0
Charles Voss	...	Grand Fantaisie, Rigoletto	...	...	4	0	
Nordmann	...	"La Donna," Barcarolle, Rigoletto	...	...	3	0	
"	...	Galop di Bravura, Rigoletto	...	...	3	0	
"	...	Bella Figlia (Quartet)	...	...	2	0	
Oesten	...	Homage à Verdi (Fant.), Rigoletto	...	...	3	0	
H. Cramer	...	Fantaisie, Rigoletto	...	...	3	0	
Kuhe	...	Fantaisie, Brillante Rigoletto	...	...	4	0	
Oury, Mdme.	...	Fantaisie, Rigoletto	...	...	4	0	
Truzzi	...	The Minuet in Rigoletto	...	...	1	6	
Benedict	...	Grand Fantaisie	...	...	4	0	
Oury, Madame	...	Grand Galop	...	...	2	0	
Reyloff	...	Bouquet de Mélodies	...	...	3	0	

## PIANOFORTE, FOUR HANDS.

The Favourite Airs from Rigoletto, by Nordmann, in two books,				each	...	6	0
Nordmann	...	La Donna è Mobile	...	...	4	0	
"	...	Bella Figlia	...	...	4	0	
"	...	Galop di bravura—Rigoletto	...	...	4	0	

## DANCE MUSIC.

Tinney	...	Rigoletto Quadrille	...	...	3	0
"	...	Mario Valse	...	...	4	0
Laurent	...	Rigoletto Valse	...	...	3	0
Montagne	...	Festa da Ballo, Galop	...	...	2	6

## FLUTE AND PIANO.

Clinton	...	Two Mosaïques from Rigoletto, each	...	4	0
---------	-----	------------------------------------	-----	---	---

## CONCERTINA AND PIANO.

Regondi	...	Three Potpourris, each	...	3	0
---------	-----	------------------------	-----	---	---

## VIOLIN AND PIANO.

Bosen	...	Three Potpourris, each	...	3	0
-------	-----	------------------------	-----	---	---

## CORNET AND PIANO.

Stanton Jones	...	Three Potpourris, each	...	3	0
---------------	-----	------------------------	-----	---	---

## ORCHESTRE.

Tinney	...	Rigoletto Quadrille	...	...	5	0
Laurent	...	Rigoletto Valse	...	...	5	0
Tinney	...	Mario Valse	...	...	5	0
Montagne	...	Festa da Ballo Galop	...	...	5	0

## MILITARY BAND.

Boosé	...	Grand Selection Rigoletto (from 'Boosé's Journal')	...	...	15	0
-------	-----	--	-----	-----	----	---

BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street.

**CRAMER, BEALE and Co.**, beg to announce that they have made arrangements with the following eminent Artists to give Operas and Concerts in the Provinces during August and September next:—

Mdlle. CRUVELLI,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
Mdlle. MARAI,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
Madame COTTI,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
Signor LUCHESI,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
Signor TAGLIAFICO,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
Signor SUSINI,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
Signor POLONINI,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
AND  
Signor TAMBERLIK,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
REGISSEUR,  
Mr. A. HARRIS,  
(From the Royal Italian Opera.)  
AND  
CONDUCTOR,  
M. JULES BENEDICT.

All applications to be made, by letter, to Mr. WILLERT BEALE, 201, Regent-street.

**MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.**—The Pieces played by this distinguished Pianiste, at her Concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, London, were:—Mayer's Etude, Op. 61, "La Fontaine," price 3s.; Chopin's Nocturne, in F. Minor, 2s.; and Kullak's Fantaisie Etude, "Perles d'Ecume," in which she was honoured by a double encore and a recall. London: Copyrights published only by Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

**LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE.**—Madame MARIE CABEL.—The Airs from Auber's celebrated Opera, now performing at the St. James's Theatre, are published for Pianoforte Solo, in 5 books, price 5s. each; Duets, in 3 books, 7s. each. The Overture, Solo, 3s. 6d.; Duet, 5s. Two Sets of Quadrilles (Solo and Duet), by Musard, 4s. each; also arrangements for Orchestra, Military Band, and Pianoforte, by Herz, Burgmuller, Cramer, Bertini, Wolff, &c. London: Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street.

**HARMONIUMS.**—CAUTION.—George Luff and Son, makers to Her Majesty of the only Real Harmonium, to prevent the sale of inferior imitations, have reduced their prices, both for sale or hire.

**PIANOFORTES**, with increased and more equalized power of tone, superior touch, and great durability, in every variety and price, for sale, hire, exchange, or exportation. George Luff and Son, 103, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

**THE SAXOPHONE.**—RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, and Co., 100, New Bond-street, sole agents in this country for M. Sax's military instruments, in addition to a large stock of Sax Horns, Sax Trombas, Sax Trumpets, and Cornets, have just received a great variety of soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, of Sax's new and beautiful-toned instruments, the Saxophone. "These new instruments (brass and played by a reed), possess a charm equal to the originality of their tone, and they carry to the highest degree of perfection, *la voix expressive*."—*Report of Jurors, Great Exhibition.*

**RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, and CO., 100, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON**, have the honour of announcing that they have been appointed the Sole Agents in Great Britain for the Sale of the **SAX-CORNETS, SAXOPHONES, SAX-HORNS**, and all other Brass Military Instruments invented and manufactured by M. Adolphe Sax, to whom was awarded the only Council Medal of the Great Exhibition for Military Instruments in Brass, a list of which, with the prices, may be had on application, post free. It will be seen from this list, that M. Sax's Instruments can now be supplied direct from his own Manufactory, at a price not higher than the numerous imitations of them.

**CRAMER, BEALE and Co.**, beg to announce that they have made arrangements with the following eminent Artists to give Oratorios and Concerts in the Provinces during October and November next:—

Madame NOVELLO,  
Mrs. LOCKEY,  
Mrs. ENDERSOHN,  
Mr. LOCKEY,  
Mr. HOBBS,  
Mr. H. PHILLIPS,  
AND  
Mr. SIMS REEVES.  
PIANISTE,  
Mr. J. L. HATTON.  
CONDUCTOR,  
Mr. LAND.

All applications to be made, by letter, to Mr. WILLERT BEALE, 201, Regent-street.

**ST. GEORGE'S HALL, BRADFORD, YORKS.**—The Committee of Management are desirous of making arrangements with a competent **TEACHER of MUSIC** for conducting Singing Classes, on a large scale, in connexion with St. George's Hall, for which the Committee are willing to afford every facility. Applications with particulars to be addressed to Charles Ollivier, Secretary. St. George's Hall, July, 1854.

**THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.**—Conductor, Mr. Frank Mori; Leader, Mr. Thirlwall; Messrs. Barret, Lazarus, Baumann, Remusat, Lovell Phillips, Mount, Tolbecque, Nadaud, Payton, Mann, Carrodus, Vogel, D. Godfrey, Cioffi, Prospère, Chipp, Zeiss, Russell, Antoine, Guest, Standen, N. Mori, W. Thirlwall, Crozier, F. Godfrey, Gleadow, Anderson, &c. This celebrated Orchestra can now be engaged for Oratorios, Operas, and Concerts, in town or country. All communications to be addressed to Mr. A. Guest, Hon. Sec., 1, Kingston Russell-place, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or to Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**REPAIRS of STRINGED, REED, and BRASS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—Messrs. Boosey and Sons beg to announce to the musical profession and the public, that, to enable them to execute repairs in the best possible manner, they have recently engaged from Germany one of the most skilful European artisans to superintend this department, and who thoroughly understands the mechanism of Musical Instruments of every description and model. Parties, therefore, intrusting the most valuable instruments to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, may rely upon their being treated with a care and efficiency unequalled in London. Boosey and Sons, Musical Instrument Manufacturers, 23, Holles-street.

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION, and SOFT AND FAIR HANDS AND ARMS**, are fully realized and sustained by the use of **ROWLANDS' KALYDOR**, an Oriental Botanical Preparation, which, by its action on the pores and minute secretory vessels of the SKIN, promotes a healthy tone so essential to its general well-being and the beauty of its appearance. Freckles, tan, pimples, spots, discoloration, and other cutaneous visitations are eradicated by the KALYDOR, and give place to a radiant bloom and transparency of complexion.

During the heat and dust of summer, and in cases of sunburn, stings of insects, or incidental inflammation, its virtues have long and extensively been acknowledged.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

**CAUTION.**—The words **ROWLANDS' KALYDOR** are on the wrapper of each bottle, and their signature, **A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London**, in red ink, at foot.

Sold by them, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

Published by **JOHN BOOSEY**, of 27, Notting Hill Square, in the parish of Kensington, at the office of **BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street**. Sold also by **ALLEN, Warwick Lane**; **VICKERS, Holywell Street**. Agents: for Scotland, **PATERSON & SONS, Edinburgh**; for Ireland, **H. BUSEY, Dublin**; and all Publishers.

Printed by **WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON**, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex.